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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE defeat of Mr. Cosgrave's Government, which seemed as certain as anything in Ireland can be when the debate in the Dail opened on Tuesday afternoon, was at the division three hours later turned to victory by the margin of one vote, and that the casting vote of the Speaker. This remarkable result was achieved by the abstention of a Mr. Jinks, member of the National Party for Sligo, who at the critical juncture absented himself from politics awhile to pay a visit to his hotel. In consequence he has become something of a hero, at all events in the English Press, which has hailed him as the saviour of Ireland, and paraphrased him unmercifully.

His behaviour—however beneficial in its results—does not appear to us to have been particularly creditable. He has explained that after consulting his constituents at the week-end he decided that it would not be for the good of Ireland to depose the existing Government. But at a meeting of his party which was held on the Tuesday (that is, after his visit to his constituency, and on the very day of the debate), he took part in a

unanimous vote in favour of supporting the motion of no confidence, so that his leader and his colleagues would seem to have had a right to expect his allegiance. But much may be forgiven him for providing us during a dismal August with a day's merriment. This thing could only have happened in Ireland, just as the Daudet affair could only have happened in France; in our own country politics, if duller, are more sober.

It may have done some good by bringing the balm of laughter to an awkward and possibly ugly situation, but it has not really solved anything. The crisis is merely postponed, with time for reflection. Which side will gain by the respite when the inevitable general election comes in the autumn no one who has profited in wisdom by the uncertainties and unexpectednesses of the past few days will be so foolish as to prophesy.

Within a few days of each other Eugene Chen and Chiang Kai-shek, two rival Chinese leaders in whom the Western Powers at one time placed a considerable degree of confidence, have gone into retirement, and have thereby underlined the difficulty of maintaining a constructive policy in dealing with a country where the rulers are as unstable and as shifting as the sands of the sea.

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shore. The departure of Chiang Kai-shek and his well-filled purse does not, however, mean the collapse of Kuomintang, for a union between Hankow, Nanking and Feng-Hu-hsiang may now be possible, and Chang Tso-lin, the one hope of the Northerners, has lost much prestige and confidence during the last few months. But even should the Nationalists succeed in settling their own differences and in stemming the advance of the Northern troops, it is difficult to believe they will show any more wisdom and unselfishness in victory than Chiang Kai-shek.

Meanwhile, trouble has suddenly flared up again between the Chinese and the British forces occupying Shanghai. The refusal of the Chinese authorities to hand over the wings they had confiscated from a British aeroplane that had made a forced landing on the Kiangwang racecourse was followed by a reprisal which took the form of General Duncan giving orders for a section of the railway line between Shanghai and Hangchow to be cut and occupied. This particular incident has since been settled by the return of the wings and the restoration of the permanent way; but the new turn of events makes it extremely unlikely that a British evacuation of Shanghai will be possible in the near future.

Herr Stresemann's resignation has been so often expected that, when it does come, it will come as a surprise and a shock. Nevertheless, he will hardly be able to survive the latest proposals for the Rhineland, if rumour has reported them correctly. Germany was given to understand that great concessions would result from Locarno, but now, after months of diplomatic debates and discussions, M. Briand is to propose the withdrawal of a paltry 5,000 men. Even this is not certain: all he has been able to do so far is obtain the assent of his Cabinet "in principle" to a reduction. The German argument that the troops of occupation should not exceed in numbers the German garrisons of before the war is not logical, for the forces of that time had not the same duties as have the forces of today, but the mountains of Locarno cannot be allowed to produce so insignificant a mouse. The British Government have apparently urged Paris to call back at least 10,000 men—and in vigorous language. If this request has been refused, the thought of what Herr Stresemann's successor would probably be like to deal with should be enough to persuade Sir Austen Chamberlain to repeat it, and to go on repeating it till he gets a satisfactory assurance.

M. Henri de Jouvenel's letter in which he refuses to be one of the French delegates to the League of Nations Assembly, and M. Briand's reply to it, have attracted much attention because they express admirably two views of the League's development which have been widely discussed since the Council meeting last June. M. Briand, like Sir Austen Chamberlain, feels that nations should have recourse to Geneva only in the last resort, as individuals do to the police court. M. de Jouvenel, on the contrary, holds that the League should become the normal channel of foreign policy, and that such secret discussions as now take place in Geneva sitting rooms between

the representatives of the Great Powers are a danger to future peace. The League frequently suffers from its too-ardent friends, and agreement can often be more easily reached in private than in public discussions; but the League methods have never led to such unsatisfactory results as those reached by the Conference of Ambassadors, by the Great Powers themselves over the Italo-Yugoslav difficulties, or even by the three countries represented at the recent Geneva Naval Conference.

Mr. Baldwin's very successful tour in Canada, during which he has had most enthusiastic receptions, culminated at Calgary, where he delivered an important speech on emigration. "I want to bring the empty spaces and the willing hands together," he said. So do all of us. But the problem of emigration from Great Britain to the Dominions is lamentably complicated. A large proportion of those willing to go to the Dominions are either persons whom this country cannot well spare or persons whom the Dominions do not particularly need. To get to the Dominions those whose departure will not harm this country, and whose presence will be welcomed by the Dominions, is not a simple affair. In the past there has been far too little serious effort to organize emigration with a view to securing contentment for the emigrant and satisfaction for the Dominion to which he or she goes.

We have not had to wait very long for evidence to strengthen our belief that, as a result of the British breach with Russia, the more extreme Bolshevik leaders are rapidly regaining ground. Not so very long ago Trotsky was in imminent danger of deportation to the prison houses of Siberia. He has not modified his criticisms of the ruling clique by one jot, but Stalin's determined effort to get him expelled from the Communist Party has just met with abject failure. The Central Committee has read Trotsky and his followers so mild a sermon on the iniquities of opposing the executive that they will undoubtedly be encouraged in their opposition. Even the wildest talk of British plans for the invasion of Russia and of the consequent necessity for national union is not likely now to keep Stalin long in office, and he knows, to his own alarm, that should there be an open breach, the Red Army would far rather follow Trotsky than himself.

The scheme which a sub-committee of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee has sent to the Cabinet appears to be sound. The London General Omnibus Company controls alike the bulk of the omnibuses and the Underground, but in certain areas there is wasteful competition between these services and the tramways controlled by the London County Council. The trouble from this and other causes is felt chiefly in Northern, North-Eastern and Eastern London. In the last-mentioned area there is obvious need of further development of underground means of transit, but the cost of this must be prohibitive to any concern which cannot draw some of the necessary funds from the earnings of all the overground services. There is a good case for the London traffic pool proposed by the sub-

committee. The scheme recommends single control for the omnibuses, tramways and underground railways, pooling of receipts, and joint management with retention of private ownership. It does not touch the suburban services of the main-line railways, but it is understood that the railways would co-operate.

The immense popularity of greyhound racing has naturally enough resulted in a feverish endeavour to multiply tracks. Companies to establish new centres of racing are being formed in very considerable numbers, without much inquiry into the prospects of the sport. At the moment it looks as if the sport were destined to a popularity rivalling, or even surpassing, that of the turf and of association football; but new sports and recreations sometimes have a very short vogue. A generation ago, roller-skating suddenly became so popular that the country was covered with rinks, which subsequently became derelict. It is not impossible that there may be a reaction from dog racing. The future of the sport, and therefore of companies hoping for vast profit from it, is quite uncertain. Those who are invited to invest in such companies should therefore exercise some caution.

We have so much labour in preserving England from private vandalism that we really might hope for some mercy from the Government. Yet we learn that the War Office is coveting the glorious expanse of West Surrey between Peper Harrow, Thursley and Frensham. These rolling heathery commons were left unseized and unspoiled during the Great War; now it seems that our tiny peace-time army may invade them with its tanks and litter them with hutments. The issue is one for Londoners as well as local people, who have already been aroused by Lord Middleton's protest. Here is some real, unbroken country left within the forty-mile radius. The results of War Office occupation at Lulworth, and on Salisbury Plain, are not encouraging for lovers of what is left of Surrey. No case for the military raid has been stated and the threat should provoke a general resistance.

The abominable August weather has ruined what was already a dull season in first-class cricket. For those who are more interested in decimal fractions than in the game itself, there may be some excitement in prodigies of stone-walling with a few "damned dots" as the prize of victory. Most of us must regard the present system of awarding points as vexatious and absurd. It may profit a successful team with a high percentage not to win a match on the first innings, and to loiter about to prevent any decision at all. On the other hand, where there has been six hours' play without a first innings result, both teams are awarded four points out of eight without consideration of their achievement. The logic behind such arithmetic is impossible to discover. On Tuesday Lancashire, the leading team, warded off defeat by Notts by a display of masterly inactivity. Hallows batted 230 minutes for 27 runs. The spectacle of the run-dodgers not flickering to and fro appears to have annoyed the crowd. What surprises us is that there is any crowd left to annoy.

HONOURS AND PARTY FUNDS

THIS year's out-of-season controversy is about Mr. Lloyd George's wealth and the way in which it was acquired. The *Morning Post*, the last of the pure milkmen in politics, is attacking Mr. Lloyd George as the corrupter of the King's fount of honour, in that while he was in office he sold titles and put the money into a fund of his own. Mr. Lloyd George never says anything in reply to these attacks, but goes on smiling. And well he may. Equally silent on this subject are the Liberal newspapers which give Mr. Lloyd George the party support. But in the *Daily Mail* he has found one champion that is not only stout but vocal. And the *Daily Mail's* retort is that Mr. Lloyd George has only done what is done in other parties, that these attacks are hypocritical, and that nearly all honours are and always have been, whatever party is in power, the reward of political services. The King (so runs the argument) delights to honour those who have served their country well. But one great instrument of service to the country is party, and as party cannot be carried on without money, he also serves his country who only sits down and writes a cheque, and if the cheque is big enough he serves his country well enough to merit the reward of a title. Such, put quite coarsely, is the defence put forward on behalf of Mr. Lloyd George.

The argument does rather less than justice to Mr. Lloyd George's originality. It is quite true that the grant of honours has usually tended to be coincident with services to party, but if honours and titles were dated like vintages, we should certainly note a distinctive flavour about the honours given by Mr. Lloyd George's Government. The *Morning Post* bluntly says that his titles were given for money, and that money was usually the main and sometimes the sole consideration. As Melbourne profanely said of the Garter, there was no damned nonsense of merit about them. Perhaps we may compare the grant of honours to the master's degree which anyone at the older universities who has obtained his bachelor's degree can have by the payment of a small sum of money after a suitable interval of time. The passing of the bachelor's examination corresponds to the merit of public service, the M.A. degree to the cheque paid for a title later. What Mr. Lloyd George did was to dispense with the bachelor's examination, or make it so easy that anyone could pass it, and coincidentally to raise the fee for the master's degree.

But it would be as unfair to argue that his practice was the general practice of all parties as to refuse to distinguish between the M.A. degrees of Oxford and Cambridge and the bogus degrees of obscure American universities. Mr. Lloyd George's practice was singular in another way. When a subscription is made to party funds as the condition expressed or implied of a title, the money goes into a trust, secretly administered it is true, publishing no accounts and with trustees that may change from time to time, but subject to the public conscience of the party and to the slow but constant pressure of public opinion. The subscriptions to Mr. Lloyd George's fund were personal. If he had broken away from the Liberal Party altogether and

founded a new party of his own, the funds would still have been at his disposal. He is, in fact, using them to assist the Liberal Party, but only in so far as that Party acknowledges his leadership and accepts his ideas. That is something absolutely new in politics, and we agree with the *Morning Post* that it is unwholesome and dangerous.

Let us be fair to Mr. Lloyd George. He is not corrupt in the sense that he uses money that has come into his hands through his tenure of the highest public office for sordid personal ends. Outside politics he has no vices and no interests. The money that he holds he will use as a public trust for the political advantage of the country as he conceives it, and if he thinks that the public advantage can only be served by his own ascendancy and in accordance with the turns of his capricious and wayward mind, he is not peculiar in that respect. He is peculiar in this respect, that almost for the first time in history the power of money in politics is now in the hands of a politician and not vested in what is vaguely described as a public and party conscience. He is responsible to no one but himself. He could if he wished haul down the Liberal flag, decide that the right government for this country was a triumvirate of himself, Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere, and the money would still be his.

Here let us digress for a moment to note the strange bedfellows with whom we now find Mr. Lloyd George consorting. The Liberal Press, as we have seen, remains silent on this subject of his funds; instead there comes to his defence a professedly Conservative journal. The incident is not isolated, and probably not without significance. Nor is Lord Rothermere's organ without support from other newspapers avowedly Conservative. Of late there has been a stealthy but steady tendency observable in the Beaverbrook journals to boom and back Mr. Lloyd George. It is not surprising; his is the kind of personality to attract men who desire to meddle and dictate in politics, and who cannot forgive Mr. Baldwin for his cold indifference to their commands. Nevertheless, the thing is worth watching. The political influence of the penny Press is not very considerable nowadays, but this veering of its breezes towards the Welsh Marches may mean that it will back the Wizard for a place when the next Election Stakes are run.

Capitalists have hitherto been content to influence politics indirectly; now for the first time are in the same pair of hands. The race of political adventurers is likely to increase in the future and where Mr. Lloyd George has shown the way others will follow. What is the root of the mischief? Surely it is in this, that we have not adapted our emoluments to the change in the social and economic conditions. If you reckon that a politician is half his time in office and half out of office, your nominal salary of £5,000 a year for a Minister of State is a real salary of £2,500, and in real values, allowing for the increase of taxation, that is worth less than £1,000 a year a generation ago. The Prime Minister of to-day is paid in real values perhaps one-tenth of what he was paid when the salary of Ministers of State was first fixed. The theory then was that a Minister was a man with private means of his own. We have since

enfranchised everyone, and it is in the interest of our politics that the highest offices in the State should be filled by the best ability drawn from all classes.

How is a politician to maintain his independence under present conditions? Mr. Lloyd George has done it, and the more we dislike his way of doing it the more anxious we should be to discover some alternative method which we can consider more honourable and less dangerous to the State. It might be a good thing to deprive the Government of the day of the power to make recommendations for honour direct to the King. We could imagine a Committee of Honours doing the work far better than it is now done, revising the names submitted by the Government, and making recommendations of its own. It would certainly be useful, even if party funds cannot be audited and published, to give such a committee the right of inspection. But the greatest safeguard is in the minds of politicians themselves. The present system, bad as it may be, is more decently administered than it was, and Mr. Baldwin's recommendations for honours have not been open to the criticisms levied against many of those made by Mr. Lloyd George. But the crying scandal remains. The principal Ministers, and especially the Prime Minister, are grossly underpaid. Unless they are rich men, or content to be very poor men, they cannot be independent, and that is a constant temptation to the purity of our politics.

GOING BY TRAIN

A FURTHER fall in the price of petrol might seem at first sight to be yet another petty disaster for the directors of railway companies who have already troubles enough. Owners of the small light cars which are now so popular can take three or four people for thirty or forty miles for little more than a shilling's worth of spirit, while four third-class tickets for a journey of forty miles cost no less than a pound. Of course the motorist must add a share of upkeep and depreciation costs to his petrol bill, but even so the baby motor remains a bargain in transport. Is this infant really going to slay the historic giant of steel and steam?

A longer view suggests some doubts. Have we not begun to reach the paradoxical period at which the popularity of the motor-car will begin to make it less popular? Week-end motoring round London or any other great city has become increasingly an affair of exasperating delays and considerable danger. That is partly the fault of our absurd system which permits anyone to drive who can find five shillings. It would be as sensible to recruit any unskilled adventurer to drive an express train as to release all and sundry on the road. Yet the latter process goes on, and the accidents pile up, some of them caused by mishaps unavoidable, but many more by sheer ignorance and culpable rashness. The railway companies very sensibly informed the public about the huge loads of human freight which they carried in perfect safety over the Bank Holiday week. The record of the roads was a very different matter.

It must surely now occur to the railway companies that their opportunity has come to do a little "cutting-in" on the motor-car. The roads have become intolerably crowded, and even the best driver may dislike a week-end trip in which the price of security is eternal vigilance. When the beginner has lost the novelty of driving for driving's sake, he too may begin to think once more about the speed and safety which the railway can offer. But against those considerations he will set the expense and the discomforts of a journey by train. Some of the rules and regulations of the railways seem almost imbecile to the potential passenger. Here is a great week-end public which may be won back from the congested road to the iron track. But what do the companies do about it? They arrange week-end fares, and then discourage the use of them by senseless restrictions about time and distance. What does it matter to the railway company when their customers begin and end their week-ending? The average Londoner does not go more than fifty miles for his breath of fresh air; but, unless he exceeds that distance, he cannot have a week-end ticket on Friday night. If a Manchester man wants a week-end in London, he naturally likes a fairly solid stay to make up for eight hours in the train and a costly ticket. Yet he cannot have a week-end ticket on the Friday morning trains, but must hang about till mid-day in order to qualify for the reduction. It may be a function of statecraft to discourage long week-ends in the interests of national diligence. But railway companies are not censors of morals; they are business concerns appealing for customers. They make that appeal very oddly. Their week-end arrangements are simply a gift to the manufacturers of motor-cars.

The railway companies of this country have excellent main-line services, and provide what are generally agreed to be the best expresses in the world. The permanent way is sound, the running smooth and swift, and the safety as near absolute as may be. What keeps many passengers away is the question of expense. If the railways cannot cut their costs any lower, they might still notably increase their takings. During all months save those of general holiday the mid-week services are not crowded. Yet there are no special encouragements to mid-week travelling; there is no enticement to take return tickets. If it pays the railway company to take a man "there and back" for a fare and a quarter on one day, why should it demand double fare on the next? The argument presumably is that he has to go on business and must pay as demanded; only the holiday-makers need to be lured. But this is pure assumption. Why do not the companies at least make the experiment of cheap return fares at all times? If they find that such an experiment spends more than it gathers, they can abandon it. But why not try it? Why not make a bid for the man who either takes his car when he goes away or else stays at home?

The English expresses run well, and their upholstery will serve. But the catering on the restaurant cars is dreary. One can guess both the menu and the cooking in advance, and the act of prophecy is scarcely one to make the mouth water. It would be far better to have two or three courses well done than to endure the feebly

ambitious meals which lead off with tepid gravy soup and proceed to fish served in a puddle of water. Moreover, the stations themselves are the most discouraging places. In most Continental towns there is an admirable station restaurant; often it is the best in the place. To wait for a train under those conditions may not be a pleasure, but it is not a penance. The size of the town does not seem to matter. But in England the abomination of desolation persists. Every junction is a standing argument for motor-cars with its appalling waiting-room and its shabby bar in which thirst and hunger are repelled by the repressive routine of flat beer and stale sandwich, the greasy tea-urn and the geological bun. A competent system of catering would brighten these dens of distress out of all knowledge. The railway companies have never dispelled the impression that they regard all passengers as prisoners. "We've got you," they seem to growl; "eat your damn bun."

There are other ways in which the average man is continually irritated. He regards the means of transport to the Continent as oppressive. He can travel in considerable comfort in a third-class carriage from London to Glasgow or Penzance, but to go to Dover or Newhaven he has usually to buy a second-class ticket for similar accommodation. That he regards as sheer extortion, and it is bad business to produce bad tempers. The railway companies, which have been hard hit by the multiplication of the motor-car, may now find in the excessive crowding of the roads an opportunity to recover lost patronage. They have many good arguments with which to claim our custom: they have also many old failings which have made us regard a train journey with apprehension and a station with loathing. They advertise their holiday resorts handsomely, and their poster-artists lay on the local colour with generous imaginations. But the passenger is not necessarily cozened by a blend of slogans and A.R.A.s. There are many things still to be considered: there are his psychology, his palate, and his purse.

A LETTER FROM DUBLIN

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

Since this letter was written the unexpected has occurred and Mr. Cosgrave's Government has been, at all events for the moment, preserved from defeat. Our Correspondent's communication retains its value as a survey of the tendencies of the various political groups in the Free State.

August 16.

THE decision of Mr. de Valera and his forty-four followers to enter the Dail came in the end with dramatic suddenness. But such a step had long been under consideration, and was generally considered to be inevitable ever since the breach between Mr. de Valera and the pure blue Republicans, who are led by Miss Mary MacSweeney, sister of the famous Lord Mayor of Cork, under the name of Sinn Féin.

The position adopted by Mr. de Valera during the elections expressed the point of view that has been dominant among Republican politicians since the Treaty was signed. The original discussions on the

Treaty turned largely on the question of the oath, and (although in the conditions of 1922 armed revolt against authority, native or foreign, was probably inevitable) both Mr. de Valera and the late Mr. Childers made it clear that their adhesion to the resort to arms was due mainly to this particular feature of the Treaty. The rebellion was crushed, and the Republican politicians then resorted to abstentionist tactics with the idea that if a sufficient number of elected representatives remained outside of the Dail, the authority of that assembly would crumble away in a slow but sure process. These tactics, as we have seen, were modified at the recent elections, when Mr. de Valera once more put the removal of the oath in the forefront of a programme which was now, however, "Constitutional." At these elections the Government (for reasons that had little or nothing to do with the oath) was greatly weakened; nevertheless it not only refused to oblige Mr. de Valera by negotiating with Britain over the oath, but introduced legislation which would have made "absenteeism" impossible for the future by making the oath obligatory on all candidates prior to their appearance at the polls.

Thus, on the one hand, stood Mr. de Valera, now anxious to adapt constitutional methods to Republican ends; on the other, the Government which proposed to drive him back into extremist courses, by threatening Fianna Fail with political extinction. The sentimentalists at once set up a mighty cry, and there were comings and goings between the Labour Party, numbering twenty-two, and Captain Redmond's National Party, numbering seven, both of them within the Dail, and Fianna Fail, without. The upshot was Fianna Fail's unforgettable decision to take the oath, "as an empty formality," without further ado and at once to enter the Dail. The action of the party was unanimous; probably Mr. de Valera himself was the last to be persuaded. One of the Fianna Fail, Mr. Belton, had already taken the oath, and been publicly anathematized by those who were so soon to follow his example. Mr. Belton's action was determined by the opinion of an unnamed "theologian" regarding oaths; he has not been taken back into the party.

Captain Redmond's party of seven is of recent formation. His organization consists largely of remnants of the old Irish parliamentary movement which John Redmond led for so long, and it exploits the sentiment of ex-servicemen of the Great War. Captain Redmond has never disguised his hostility, largely personal, to Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues; on the other hand his supporters at the election gave him no mandate for an intrigue with Republicanism. Including his party of seven, however, the Opposition is now in a majority in the Dail, and a vote of no confidence in the Government is being moved just as this letter is posted.

The original plan was the immediate formation of a Ministry by the Labour Party, under the presidency of Mr. Tom Johnson, the Socialist leader, but representative of all the "neutral" parties in the country. In this Ministry Captain Redmond was to hold the portfolio of External Affairs; in this capacity he would proceed to London and there open negotiations for the removal and modification of the oath—that "badge of servitude," as Fianna Fail names it—in the interests of national appeasement. He was to point out to the British Government that by entering the Dail Irish Republicans tacitly admit the errors of physical force and of civil warfare; at the same time he was to request that the "empty formula" should be deleted from the Treaty. This visit to London seems to have been the condition which Mr. de Valera imposed as the price of his temporary support of a new Government. Since last week, however, Lord Birkenhead, one of the British signatories to the Treaty, has made it clear that he will neither assist Captain Redmond to

oblige Mr. de Valera, nor assist Mr. de Valera to oblige Captain Redmond.

Mr. Johnson, the Labour leader and prospective President of the Executive Council, is a sincere but optimistic man. He desires to form a Government outside of the contending sections of old Sinn Féin, i.e., outside of Fianna Fail and the Cosgrave party, and to include in his ministry Conservatives as well as Labour men. Such a construction will, he thinks, help the people to view public affairs from a better angle than in the past, when posts were filled mainly by men with "war records." For the moment Mr. Johnson puts his Socialism aside. Apparently, he does not expect to be pressed by Fianna Fail to bring back what Mr. de Valera calls the "mood of spiritual exaltation which induces the rich to make sacrifices for the poor": in which mood, by the way, Irish farmers had hoped to be exempted from the payment of their land-purchase annuities! His personal opinion in regard to the Treaty is that it should be maintained "until the people desire otherwise." This is democratic doctrine; but what does it amount to? "The people" might come to prefer a Republic to the Treaty rather than continue to suffer the nuisance of Republicanism. Actually, Captain Redmond, an Imperialist, is prepared for the sake of "national appeasement" to see the Treaty modified in a Republican sense. In 1922 a majority of Irish electors were Republican; but British policy, as Mr. de Valera has pointed out, did not offer them "free choice" between Free State and Republic. At no time have "the people" willed the Ulster partition. To-day a free popular vote, a pure expression of popular will in Mr. Johnson's sense—such a thing as never was, or will be—might even favour the restoration of legislative union with Great Britain!

As to the oath—once more to return to that subject—Mr. Johnson does not favour any one-sided action in its regard by the Irish Parliament, at least in present circumstances. After all, two-thirds of the Irish electorate have but just lately voted against any such action. The British position in the matter ought to be determined by British responsibilities towards Ireland as a whole—responsibilities which, after a seven hundred years' occupation, cannot be expected to have disappeared in the short space of time since 1921. I see that *The Times* holds that, although before the Anglo-Irish Treaty was signed it might have been possible for a British Government to grant Sinn Féin full independence, to-day, in view of the sacrifices made in Ireland, especially by Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues, to maintain the Treaty, Britain's reputation for honour would be "seriously imperilled" by following a course which Irish supporters of the Treaty might "describe as a betrayal." I doubt if Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues will thank a British Government for sheltering itself behind obligations to his party, as former British Governments were wont to shelter themselves behind obligations to Ulster. Nor is it certain that Mr. Cosgrave's party interests would suffer in the long run by Mr. de Valera being put in a position to give the Irish people some experience of his Republic.

ON CRITICISM

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

WHEN I have the misfortune to be in London, there are very few days in which I do not read a piece of literary criticism. The cause of the trouble is this. It is my habit to buy all papers except *The Times* (the *Literary Supplement* is something quite different: I mean the daily *Times*). Note, I say buy; not look at them in libraries or clubs, but buy. I will now

give you a little free advertisement. I buy the *Daily Express* for the only educated part in it; the *Daily Mail* for fun; the *Daily News* because it has first-rate appreciations of occasional things and because I do like laughing out loud at the Lloyd George Fund and the wickedness of peers in connexion with it; the *Manchester Guardian* because it is the best written of our papers; the *Morning Post* because there is one writer on it who understands irony, for which I discern him a leafy crown: of the leaves dedicated to irony.

Here let me digress. When people write good irony in books, which is not very common, they hardly ever use the phrase: "In the following leaves." But when they do, why, those leaves are the leaves proper to irony. I trust I have made myself quite clear.

A crown of laurel befits the victor, especially in poetic contests; a crown of strawberry leaves a duke; a crown of ivy the strong head; and a crown of I know not what plant or vegetable the King Fool—which means, the Fool who Gets There: cabbage, I suppose. And so back again to the matter of literary criticism.

Pardon me a moment; I will give it the dignity of a title, and call it Literary Criticism.

In every newspaper published in this island—even in the *Police Gazette*—there is something of Literary Criticism, because everywhere our books are advertised; advertisement is the economic basis of all English newspapers, and therefore books must be noticed. Unless there has been an eclipse, there is nothing to read in the papers until you come to the Literary Criticism, which is of academic significance. Myself of academic training, I have fallen at last into looking at the Literary Criticism as eels slither back to the depths of the Atlantic. In this way I acquire an acquaintance with my colleagues, the Great Writers of Our Time. Having read these criticisms, I am always able to say, when I am asked whether I have read a book, "No. But I have looked at bits of it." And that is always true. For Literary Criticism never fails to quote a little bit out of any book it has to deal with.

I will tell you why this is; for I know. It is because it saves the miserable devil of a reviewer—critic, I mean—the trouble of dictating. He can cut a great wad out, and be paid at space rates all the same. That is why you get those staggering paragraphs which are my last consolation in the muddy downward lane towards the tomb. I quote: "But though Miss Quinch does not fully realize the possibilities of her material in her effort to draw the character of Henry Howl, there are passages of description of English landscape" (two "ofs"—bad, that!) "which are as exquisite as anything she has written. Here is one at random:

The sun was setting, lighting up with its red glare Little Beddington and Old Morley; the dark elms of Chalmers stood against the evening sky, silhouetted as though in a landscape of Vrouw's or Durand's. There was no sound save the chuff-chuff of a lonely train upon the single line in the valley, and the plaintive call of the lesser martingale in the reeds—who only sings at evening.

Here I owe an apology to my reader. The words "who only sings at evening" I have put in myself. I could not bear the rest of it, so I just

added that to give it a little Theocritus touch: something of the idyll.

But is it not wicked to write like this? I mean, is it not wicked for the reviewer—or critic—to do this kind of thing? He pleads that he is tired; that he has to write notices on twenty-five books a day; that they are one just like the other; until he can hardly tell them apart. I answer that any sinner could do that. Any sinner could plead that he had to sin through habit, or poverty, or because it was raining. It is no excuse. Further, I suggest to those great lords who own our newspapers that they would do well to organize this department in their domains upon a mechanical basis, as they have already organized the rest. There is no reason why they should use educated men to review books. It is a piece of timidity upon their part. I suppose they regard books as a mysterious kind of thing, which they themselves do not properly understand, and which should therefore be dealt with by a special tribe; or perhaps they have discovered what everybody else knew half a lifetime ago, that the educated classes are ruined, and that they can be bought more cheaply than anybody else.

I find upon an exact calculation that if we take the cost of setting up the type mechanically as one hundred, the price for a professional politician or Reverent Atheist is two hundred and seventy (quoting space rates); for an ordinary poet eight, but for a critic only 1.37. None the less, I can assure my contemporaries that if they will have the sense to organize the matter on a purely mechanical basis they can reduce even these costings. It would be perfectly easy to cast in blocks of from seven to twenty lines, and have electrotyped, the thirty or forty regular things that are said by the present critics upon pretty well all the books they deal with: at any rate in fiction. The system would have the further advantage that these enduring hard metal blobs could be shared out between many newspapers. For instance, take a thing like this:

There is no mistaking the particular touch which men call genius; it is indefinable, but it produces the authentic thrill. In the book before us it is exactly that which is present. Genius. And genius, we may say, of a sort unknown to any other people. The thing is purely English.

You could get that in large pica, set up, moulded, and then electrotyped, for not much more, I hope, than 3½d. the square inch. I may be wrong, I may be thinking in the terms of my youth. But at any rate it would be a trifle to the gentlemen who control the literary system of the English people, especially if it were split up among half a dozen of them.

Here it may be objected that if this mechanical system should be adopted, those who are now critics would starve. To which I have two answers: first, that they are starving already; and secondly, that we cannot allow sentiment to interfere with economic laws; that is the whole lesson of the General Strike, the Coal Strike, the wages paid to porters in railway stations, Cabinet Ministers, Directors, and the incomes of bookmakers; let alone the profits of a thing called Underwriting, or those to be gathered from successful speculation upon the Stock Exchange.

I hope it is clearly understood that I desire in no way by these my suggestions to interfere with

the very valuable work being done by popular novelists. These gentlemen, whether in the realm of theology, international diplomacy, biology, philosophy, art or even letters, are our obvious and necessary guides; and I cannot conceive why our fathers were so foolish as to neglect them. Why was not J. P. R. James made the regular leader-writer upon foreign affairs for *The Times* of his day? Why was not Martin Tupper the backbone of the *Quarterly Review* more than a long lifetime ago? And why on earth did they not get that most popular of all writers, the chief romancer of the *Family Herald*, to tell the Army how it should be remodelled after the Crimea? Anyhow, they didn't. To-day we are wiser, and I will bet a new boat I am thinking about against an ordinary politician's price that if one of my books were suddenly to sell, I could claim, and receive, the post of Theologian to the General Public, especially upon the vexed matter of whether there be or be not a Hell.

And here I want to digress again, and tell you that in a very short time the demand for Hell will return. Its unpopularity is only a passing mood. But I will not so digress, for I have digressed enough. And though digression is the soul of commentary, it draws, like all things human, to its end.

So there.

PHOTOGRAPHS

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

"I WOULD also recommend," said the late Sir Walter Raleigh, talking of the Press, "that a photograph of the author be placed at the head of every article. I have been saved from many bad novels by the helpful pictorial advertisements of modern publishers." I delight in that remark just as I delight in its author (who has, I maintain, written the best letters of this century), but I hope there are not many of his way of thinking. If we are to be judged now by our photographs, there are some of us who will have to cast about for some other way of earning a living, for it is certain that writing will not keep us. To be judged by appearances, so long as what are called good looks are not demanded, does not alarm me. Anyhow, we all judge in this way daylong and cannot help it. But actual appearances give a man a chance; there are the gleams and glints in the eye, the play of wrinkles, the antics of the mouth, all claiming attention; and there is always something appealing about a rugged or vivacious ugliness. A photograph is another matter. I have never seen a photograph of anybody that made me want to know the person caught grinning or scowling or gaping in it, for the camera has a trick of making humanity look either repulsive or insipid, except when it turns us into absolutely comic grotesques as remote from ordinary men and women as the figures of a Punch and Judy show. Consider the creatures who stare at us from the yellowed pages of the family albums. They are, it is true, old-fashioned and somewhat fantastic as to hair and whiskers and cravats, but then so are the people of the drawings of the period, and yet the strangest

creatures we see above the signatures of Leech and Keene and du Maurier seem merely odd neighbours when compared with the monsters we see in the albums.

The worst drawing we have ever seen of ourselves, if we exclude the odd scribbles of people whose hand and eye are definitely alienated, has something in it that makes it preferable to the best photograph. Behind the camera there is no memory of how our faces move, and it can only see us as a momentary grouping of light and shadow. The artist is looking before and after as he sets down his portrait, and so he achieves, even in the sketchiest black-and-white, some suggestion of mobility and warmth. In the photograph everything is frozen. If the camera works quickly, as in a snapshot, our appearance during one fleeting moment is caught and fixed, with the result that it shows us something our eyes have never really seen. We are trapped with an insane grin on our faces, it may be, or pinned against the background for ever in a monstrous attitude in which we could not possibly remain for more than two seconds. If the camera works slowly, moving along with time a little way, then we are asked to freeze ourselves. It is true we are generally told to "look natural," but it is obviously impossible to look natural in such circumstances. Long before the two minutes have passed, the beautiful smile we put on has hardened into a ghastly grimace; we screw up our eyes to protect them from the glare of the lights; we can feel the veins beginning to stand out in our foreheads; and we know only too well that we are busy staging a burlesque of ourselves. The camera we confront on these occasions does its work very efficiently, recording with cruel precision every line and shadow of the idiotic face we have put on, a face that is a complete stranger to us.

I do not know which I dislike the more, these set "portraits" or "studies," the work of gentlemen with large studios and temperaments and cameras as big as packing cases, or the "snaps" as some people, in their foul fashion, call them, those fantastic glimpses of oneself standing on the lawn or sitting in a deck chair, gaping at nothing. More than once, when friends have been showing me photographs of groups of people, I have suddenly caught sight of a face that seemed strange to me, a face singularly vacuous or repulsive, and I have been on the point of crying out "Who on earth is that?" when it has dawned upon me sickeningly that that face was my own. Not being a poet, I have never imagined myself to be a handsome man, and have even admitted, under pressure, that I am a trifle on the ugly side. But I have examined such snapshots, casual glimpses fixed for ever, with wonder darkening into despair. Surely, I told myself, I am not like *that*. Whatever I may have admitted on the subject of appearances, I have contrived to pass, in the secret councils of my mind, a tiny vote of confidence, on the ground that though I may not conform to certain rather absurd standards, nevertheless there is about my face a *something* that would be appreciated by the wise few. But when I have seen myself staring or grinning in those photographs, I have been compelled to take leave of vanity. So this is the thing that thinks

itself so important and dreams its dreams and imagines that other people are interested and friendly or even affectionate! This is what people see and talk to and feed and sometimes cherish! For the space of several seconds I am humility itself.

I fare no better when the camera is leisurely, in the "portraits" and "studies." About once a month some photographer writes to suggest that I should give him a sitting, being anxious, he usually writes, to add yet another to his series of portraits or studies of celebrities. And let me say now—this essay being written for England and not for America—that I cannot understand why these photographers (Court Photographers, too, some of them) should want my face. I am clearly no beauty, so that no editor of an illustrated weekly wants me to smirk at his readers. I am so remote from any sort of fashionable world that I should never be allowed to pose even as a friend: Lady Woolworth, Mrs. Revoke, Captain Bilker, and Friend; not even as that. As for being a celebrity, it is absurd; I am not yet even one of your tiny little lions, roaring you as gently as any sucking dove; I am merely one of those young men in baggy tweed suits who grumble to other young men in baggy tweed suits that their books do not sell, and are for ever telling one another that other young men still, whose books do sell and whose suits do not bag, are charlatans. For my own part, I should prefer the photograph of any decent bull-terrier. However, such is the fact; I am asked for a sitting; and the further fact is that I do not give a sitting. But I will confess that in my time I have given three, with intervals between of despair and mounting hope. I do not remember now whether these men called themselves Court Photographers or Press Photographers. All that I do remember is that they foolishly did it for nothing, that they tried to make me feel important, and that they succeeded in making me look like someone else.

The first photographer, very fashionable and obviously an indefatigable touch-up, was clearly determined that I should be better looking at all costs. The result was that he produced an elaborate portrait of a man who was obviously advertising a correspondence course in physical culture and was equally obviously a fraud. It was in this studio that I encountered the female secretary whose opening remark to me was "Now tell me all about yourself." I wish I had told her that at least I had no intention of advertising a correspondence course in physical culture. Photographer number Two, who inhabited a gigantic studio full of guitars and shawls and cushions, and who was evidently highbrow, plumped me into a chair and switched on about ten searchlights, and afterwards produced an excellent likeness of a cleverish young Jew, on the make and quite unscrupulous. It took me two years or more to recover from that satanic transformation, but hope revived at last, and I agreed to visit a man who had done capital photographs of some of my fellow writers, friends of mine. He was hearty and frank, and did not shrink from pointing out to me that a face like mine was hopeless unless it showed the camera a broad grin. So I grinned away, and he dodged in and out of his black cloth. A week afterwards I was shown half-a-dozen different portraits of a

fellow who looked as if he travelled in wines and spirits during the week, and was the life and soul of the West Ham Dog Fanciers' Association every week-end, the kind of man who is waggish with barmaids, and who is referred to whenever you hear a new arrival in a bar asking "Where's Charlie to-night?" At first I could not understand why my name had been written on the back of all these photographs, so gross was the transformation.

The truth is, there is malice in the camera just as there is in all these clever modern devices. It is as if the gods should overhear our crowing: "Another improvement! Another short cut! Another leap forward!"; and then give a nod to one of the company, who then swiftly contrives that there shall be malice in this new thing we have made. Thus there is a sinister cast in the magic mirror we have devised. It is indeed amazing that a visiting friend, merely by pointing a black box at us and making something click, should be able to catch and retain our fleeting images, pluck out one moment from the flux, so that people unborn may possibly see the light and shadow that was on our faces one summer morning. That morning will be very distant then, will have been whirled away further than Sirius, will indeed be irretrievably lost, yet those people as they glance at the photographs will spend a second or so at our sides and so will have seen Time defeated. But it is all a cheat. The moment to which they will return will not be the moment we knew when we were facing the camera; the foolish shadows grinning at them from a lost generation will be no true record but a cold libel, only tampering with their thought of us. That demure servant, the camera, will have had the last laugh.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him by the first post on Wednesday.

THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE

SIR,—There is one point of enormous importance to be remembered in connexion with the case which perhaps you will allow me to refer to, as it is not mentioned in your admirable summary: that is, the pistol bullet point.

A high police official named Proctor was called about the identity of the bullet in the murdered man with the pistol found on one of the accused. The following questions were put:

Q.: Have you an opinion as to whether bullet No. 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence?

A.: I have.

Q.: And what is your opinion?

A.: My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol.

That evidence was properly regarded as of great importance by Judge Thayer, and in a case lasting seven weeks, depending on most conflicting evidence, it is the sort of testimony any jury would legitimately hold in mind as a guide, especially when the question was not further probed at the trial by the defending counsel. Would it be believed that this witness Proctor filed an affidavit after the trial in which he said that these questions had been deliberately arranged

to convey a falsehood? On the face of them, those two answers would lead any jury and judge to think that the witness meant that the bullet in question had not come from some pistol in the abstract but from the pistol in the case. This is what the witness Proctor said in his post-trial affidavit: "Had I been asked the direct question, Whether I had found any affirmative evidence whatever that this so-called mortal bullet had passed through this particular Sacco's pistol, I should have answered then, as I do now, without hesitation, in the negative."

When one reads statements of this kind on the only vital point in the case, apart from identification, one can only be astonished that a trial disclosing a flaw of this kind on the face of it has not been set aside. It is curious that the Lowell Committee and that Judge Thayer himself have not acted upon such a flaw, because no one can tell how such answers may have misled the jury. The fact that the Lowell Committee and Judge Thayer consistently have proceeded on the principle that this point was of no importance lends conviction to the view that there is something radically wrong about the *bona fides* of those concerned, especially since the admission has been openly made that these questions and answers were framed beforehand between the witness Proctor and the District Attorney.

I am, etc.,

C. H. NORMAN

74 Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3

THE FARM LABOURER'S FUTURE

SIR,—I plead guilty to wasting my time. With a few lines of mild sarcasm Mr. Easterbrook passes over the main point of my letter, that the farm labourer is neither desperate nor hopeless, and runs off on a side issue. My dislike of anonymity is as great as Mr. Easterbrook's, but I am compelled to adopt it in this case. I do not suppose that my neighbours have any desire to see their portraits in the "Daily Gaper" under a sensational heading.

With regard to small-holdings, I accept his statistics gladly, for, as statistics sometimes do, they prove too much. If ninety per cent. of the holders are successful, why all the to-do about the farmer and his wants? He has merely to go to one of these small-holders and take lessons in "How to Cultivate with Pleasure and Profit."

I note that *now* committees require applicants to have first-hand knowledge, an admission that in the past they admitted amateurs. But a man with first-hand knowledge may be an amateur. I have first-hand knowledge, but should be sorry to take a small-holding, for its own sake as well as my own.

But let us keep to the point. Is the labourer's lot either desperate or hopeless?

I am, etc.,

"STRIX FLAMMEA"

Mortimer, Berks

[We have no wish to interfere in the exchanges of our contributor, Mr. Easterbrook, and our correspondent, "Strix Flammea," but in fairness to the former we feel we must point out that he never said the farm labourer was "desperate." As for the word "hopeless," he was careful to explain, at considerable length, precisely in what way he employed it and what he meant it to express—he borrowed the use of the word in application to the lot of the farm labourer from someone else and examined the extent to which that use was justified.—ED. S.R.]

SIR,—I think your readers must now be satisfied that what the farmer wants is a definite relation between costs of production and prices of things produced. It is waiting time rather than working time

which kills farming, since the one has to be paid for as much as the other.

In this connexion perhaps you will allow me to quote the words of a large farmer in this neighbourhood—one of the best-known agriculturists in Yorkshire—who, speaking in Leeds last week, said:

It was not the rate of wages to which he objected—for he had always been in favour of contentment of the men—but the limited hours of work. . . . He had been careful to observe times, and found that in actual agricultural work a man's week's work often totalled only thirty hours. In the winter of 1925-26, when he had ten pairs of horses on the land, between November and February, it had only been possible to work them for sixteen days. Then when spring came, under the hours arrangement it was impossible to make up this loss. Agriculture would not stand up against that.

Alone of producers the farmer has to endure the chances and changes of our fickle climate—witness hundreds of thousands of acres of rotten hay crops—and it is a crime against economics as well as a blunder against justice that he should have to face a cast-iron wages system as well as the vagaries of the weather.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Scarcroft, Nr. Leeds

'THE CLASH OF CULTURE AND THE CONTACT OF RACES'

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book, 'The Clash of Culture and the Contact of Races,' in the SATURDAY REVIEW of August 13, has detected, and is well justified in pointing out, a passage in the Statistical Supplement that appears to be a confused *non sequitur*.

Of course the excess of male over female foetal mortality will lower the masculinity of the birth-rate to that extent. In my original draft the still-born rate was discussed at greater length, and the words "Another circumstance which . . ." did not, as now, follow an allusion to the still-born rate. Most of the discussion was afterwards deleted as being irrelevant. Unfortunately the demon that sometimes blinds an author's eyes conspired to leave two sentences forming the offending paragraph still in the book, but isolated from their real context.

By a similar oversight in proof correction the word "females" became transposed into "males" on p. 115, and I appear to speak of the normal preponderance of "males" instead of "females" during adult life.

Apart from these blemishes, however, which I fully acknowledge, I cannot detect any flaw in the argument.

I am, etc.,

G. PITT-RIVERS

26 Belgrave Road, S.W.1

THE ALTERNATIVE PRAYER BOOK

SIR,—I hope Mr. Mitchell will forgive my pointing out, with all courtesy, that he has gone wrong in his grammar. The clause commencing "agreeable" is not an "adverbial" one. Had it been intended to refer to the use of "the Mother Tongue," the word would have been "agreeably."

The clause is a clear statement that the First Prayer Book of King Edward VI accorded with the doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the Primitive Church. Whether "the twenty-six intervening words" be retained or, for the sake of convenience, omitted is immaterial.

I am, etc.,

CLAUDE C. C. BOSANQUET

The Vicarage,

St. Stephens-by-Saltash, Cornwall

P.S.—The words "doth not contain in it anything contrary to the Word of God" are not those of "a careless quoter." They occur in "The Preface" of our present Prayer Book, which was inserted in 1662.

and their reference is to the Prayer Book of Queen Elizabeth, which had been suppressed during the Commonwealth.

YOUNG OFFENDERS

SIR,—Faith in man's capacity for redemption is the breath of life to penal reformers. But it is difficult to believe that magistrates who, twenty years after the passing of the Probation Act, persist in sending young offenders to prison will be made to turn over a new leaf by sharp reminders of the Departmental Committee's recommendations. The person who can remedy this evil is the Lord Chancellor, and it is to be hoped that he will act on another recommendation of the same Committee by appointing to all Benches younger magistrates with special qualifications for dealing with young people.

As regards the success of probation in London the honours should not all be accorded to the Police Court Mission, though it has a monopoly of the adult work. It hardly touches probation in the Children's Courts, where at least as good work has been done by independent Children's Probation Officers, who are appointed by the Home Secretary, and are servants of the Court, and not of any denominational society. These officers are living reminders of the truth that the service of the State offers as much opportunity for personal devotion and zeal for the salvation of the individual as do any voluntary societies.

I am, etc.,

CICELY M. CRAVEN
Hon. Sec.

Howard League for Penal Reform,
23 Charing Cross, S.W.1

STAG-HUNTING

SIR,—The practice of pursuing a stag which has taken to the sea corresponds to digging a fox. Neither act can be supposed to give pleasure to any human being. But if you accept hunting you must accept these practices. For the farmers will not put up with damage unless every effort is made to kill the quarry after a fair hunt.

To confine the issue to stag-hunting. Many will reply: "In that case, stag-hunting must cease." But are the objectors prepared to contemplate the extermination of the wild red deer from Exmoor? For if stag-hunting ceases, the deer will disappear. The cultivators of the land will not stand the damage, and poachers will finish the work. At present the deer are safe from all molestation, except by the hunt.

In Scotland the deer are preserved for stalking, but Exmoor, not being a mountainous district, is too thickly populated and attracts too many visitors for stalking to be possible. The Government might make a miniature Yellowstone Park and thus preserve some deer. For this purpose the moor would have to be closed to human beings, cultivators and visitors alike.

Will the opponents of stag-hunting and its necessary corollary of killing the quarry please face the issue fairly and tell us exactly what they do want?

I am, etc.,

C. H. TREMLETT

King's School, Bruton, Somerset

TOBACCO

SIR,—Mr. J. B. Priestley's delightful middle article on tobacco in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW has set me wondering how many poets have sung the praise of the soothing weed. Yet the most inveterate smoker of them all, Tennyson, seems to have kept the direct mention of it almost altogether out of his collected works. I can think of only one line, and I am not sure I have got even *that* quite right:

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened bards."

I am, etc.,

THOMAS ASKAR

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—77

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rendering (not necessarily an exact translation) into English verse of the following poem:

Die Musik kommt
Klingling, bumbum und tschingdada,
Zieht im Triumph der Perserschah?
Und um die Ecke brausend brichts
Wie Tubaton des Weltgerichts,
Vorán der Schellentträger.

Brumbrum, das grosse Bombardon,
Der Beckenschlag, das Helikon,
Die Piccolo, der Zinkenist,
Die Türkentrommel, der Flötist,
Und dann der Herre Hauptmann.

Der Hauptmann naht mit stolzern Sinn,
Die Schuppenketten unterm Kinn,
Die Schärpe schnürt den schlanken Leib,
Beim Zeus! das ist kein Zeitvertreib;
Und dann die Herren Leutnants.

Zwei Leutnants, rosenrot und braun,
Die Fahne schützen sie als Zaun;
Die Fahne kommt, den Hut nimm ab,
Der bleiben treu wir bis ans Grab!
Und dann die Grenadiere.

Der Grenadier im strammen Tritt,
In Schritt und Tritt und Tritt und Schritt,
Das stampft und dröhnt und klappt und flirrt,
Laternenglas und Fenster klirrt;
Und dann die kleinen Mädchen.

Die Mädchen alle, Kopf an Kopf,
Das Auge blau und blond der Zopf,
Aus Tür und Tor und Hof und Haus,
Schaut Mine, Trine, Stine aus;
Vorbei ist die Musike.

Klingling, tschingsching und Paukenkrach,
Noch aus der Ferne tönt es schwach,
Ganz leise bumbumbum toching;
Zog da ein bunter Schmetterling,
Tschingsching, bum, um die Ecke?

DETLEV VON LILIENCRON

B. Keats's journey to Italy restored his health so that he was still living in 1870, the most considerable literary figure in Europe and a peer. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an extract (of not more than 250 words) from a letter written by a young American, German, or Frenchman, describing his meeting with the great man.

RULES

- i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week, LITERARY 77A, or LITERARY 77B).
- ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.
- iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.
- iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the *first post on Monday*, August 29, 1927. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 75

SET BY EDWARD DAVISON

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best "companion" poem replying from a girls' school at Cheltenham in the character of Cynara to Ernest Dowson's 'Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ Sub Regno Cynaræ.' Mere parodies of the original will be disqualified, but it is recommended as a model of both metre and length.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a continuation, in not more than 300 words, of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' the narrative to be taken up at the precise place where it ceased in the original.

We have received the following report from Mr. Edward Davison, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. DAVISON

75A. The results of this competition were exceedingly disappointing. So small was the number of entries, so low their level, that I cannot recommend the award of a first prize. T. E. Casson, apparently misunderstanding the terms of the competition, wrote an amusing poem from Cynara to Horace himself, a poem chiefly concerned with a cricket match, in praise of

... the great little Jessop, wielder of the bat
Of willow bent and moulden and waxed by the tall
Gunn
Beside the shimmering Trent (there is no blade like
that).

But his refrain, rhyming "glamours" with "enamours," was clumsy. Other entries were sentimental rather than ingenious. Hob-Nob alone attempted to fulfil all that was implied by the terms. Not without misgivings I recommend his poem for the half-guinea prize.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Just burnt your letter: don't quite understand,
But well enough to make me say "Ta-ta!"
If you were here, d'you think you'd touch my hand?
I'm what you call me—merely an "old passion":
An unsophisticated school-girl? Bah!
I'm thankful I'm not faithful in *your* fashion.

You tried to drive me, did you, from your mind?
I felt mean if I let you consciously
One moment slip from mine—but now I see
My folly, and I undertake to bet you
'Twill now be quite a simple thing for me,
Save as a name, completely to forget you.

I've read about your kind—the snipes that snort
Because they have to lie in beds they've made:
Who grouse about the fate they've simply sought,
Feel very sorry for themselves, and snivel!
Now let me plainly call a spade a spade,
And you a sneak, and all you've written drivell!

That is the best thing I can do for you,
To tell you what you are, and tell you plain:
Like it or like it not, it's very true:
Thus does your quondam-flame pronounce your
sentence.

I don't imagine it will give you pain:
I've not much hope 'twill bring you to repentance!
HOB-NOB

75B. Yorick produced a thicker and richer crop of entries than Dowson. More than one competitor, writing with both eyes on the ultimate printed page, neglected the tones of his voice to indulge italics and

French expletives. The majority could not resist a very natural but dangerous temptation to round-off in three hundred words an adventure that Sterne would not have completed in less than a thousand. Of these Longe Impar Laurentio must be mentioned for the delicate skill with which he recaptured the chiaroscuro of Sterne's prose style. He was more skilful than tactful in imitating Sterne's indelicacy in at least one passage. A slightly abbreviated version of his entry deserves print, particularly because of its close, which is pure Sterne:

Out flew the remaining corking pins. For there occurred a second collision; 'twas between the head of the maid—who had swerved sideways—and that of her mistress—who had sat up in apprehension. This somewhat changed our situation. You may insinuate, Eugenius, that it did so by mitigating temptation; but I protest I had instantly withdrawn my hand. Who knows but that this page may be the last in the record begun in the Desobligeant? Here shall be naught unseemly for prebend to chronicle, for laity to read.

A third collision now ensued, for the irate lady vigorously boxed her attendant's ears. The weeping girl regained her closer.

... Conticuere omnes. ...
I groped my way outside. The tempest had abated, the moon was shining.

A little while later I quietly regained my bed, and slept. ... With morning I was earliest astir. After our coffee the lady and I parted with mutual courtesies. To the *femme de chambre* I presented three crowns as a *solatium*, I explained, for her three collisions. The Lyonoise, not without wit, inquired whether the three were *évaluées* at the same figure; and suggested that the second and third might be appraised in *soul*, leaving a worthier share for *la première collision*. Gracefully she thanked me, adding in an undertone, "Hé, c'étoit bien comique, ça! ... Vous êtes très gentil. ... Désormais j'aimerai toujours les Anglois. Adieu, Monsieur!"

LONGE IMPAR LAURENTIO

This is good. Nevertheless I recommend the first prize be given to M. R. Williamson for a somewhat subtler fragment, which makes less haste and more speed than that of Longe Impar Laurentio. J. McD.K., I think, deserves the second prize for her ingenious evasion of the chief difficulty. She leaves the matter precisely where it was, dangling delightfully in the air.

THE WINNING ENTRY

THE CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION

Nay! Gentle reader. Prithee start not into the ditch like a half-broke nag upon some fanciful danger. Have we travelled post together these three weeks "over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar"; jostled into intimacy by the King of France's *pavé* to part company, by reason of thy fond imagination that shies at "the imminent deadly breach"?

To such a shift am I reduced—quoth I, taking a firmer hold on it:—'tis plain. Madame, there is to be somewhat betwixt us.

Monsieur—cried she—I beg that you will give yourself the trouble to keep it there!

Je vous obéirai, Madame—said I, sitting up and putting forth my sinister arm in the fervency of my desire to accomplish her command.

'Tis a strange commentary on human nature that the Fille de Chambre, who, as I observed before, was come to the aid of her mistress on hearing (as she thought) the outbreak of hostilities, should no sooner have fallen into the hands of the enemy (as she considered me), but she was fain to surrender at discretion and abandon herself prisoner-of-war without the least protest or motion of defense.

But 'tis a creature with a good heart—thought I—Just Heaven! How it throbs with anxiety for its mistress; 'tis like some poor imprison'd bird. Poor thing! how it flutters—how it beats its wings against the bars!

'Tis the duty of a Christian—as I humbly trust in God I am, to soothe such a vehement anguish. At any rate I'll make the attempt—continued I. 'Twere worse than heathenish; nay, I protest I should con-

sider myself sunk to the brutish level were I to neglect the embracing of this opportunity of showing forth, and exemplifying the great principle of Christian charity.

M. R. WILLIAMSON

SECOND PRIZE

I cautioned the reader—did I not?—against that same devilish curiosity that is for ever breaking in to disorder the most serious thoughts—changing the entire complexion of a man's mind with such suddenness that, in a twinkling, wisdom assumes the face of folly, and the wisest is levelled with the beasts that perish. Merciful Powers! Is it then not enough to conceive a man poised, as I was, in a position of the greatest delicacy—and wanting but the slightest indiscretion to work his mortification for ever—that Scandal should hold its ugly breath in anticipation? Nay, and not take no for answer either! For in a matter of this sort the precipitancy of man's judgment outruns all explanation, and not if I swore myself upon a thousand oaths, and called down all heaven for witness, could I convince some that this affair went off otherwise than they expect.

And you others—intent upon some gallant upshot—will ye believe that in the circumstances of that moment I was in small humour for quip or merry turn of speech? Rate me dullard—blockhead—if you please, for my part I confess that to the situation I was—and, heaven helping me, so hope to continue—a novice.

In truth, 'tis to me of little import what conclusion or construction be placed upon my words. I had rather be read—even though I leave more to the imagination concerning my own doings than most men dare. And though a world of imputation should arise against me, some there will be—wanting not that Charity which thinketh no evil—nor so rejoicing in iniquity that words shall lose their meaning for them—who, I dare hope, will share my feelings when stretching out my hand I caught hold of the *fille de chambre*.

J. McD. K.

MUSIC

AT THE "PROMS.": MOZART AND WAGNER

IT is a commonplace of modern criticism to regard Mozart and Wagner as the two poles of music, opposites in every respect. The anti-Wagnerian of to-day, both here and in Germany, fights under the banner of Mozart. But this antithesis between classic purity and turbulent emotionalism is really a false one. It is a survival from the old pretty notion of Mozart as a dear little innocent, in whose mouth butter would not melt. How far from the human reality of the composer this picture is! So also is the notion that his music is no more than elegant, gay, graceful and undisturbed by deep-felt passion. His music is intensely emotional, and its moving effect is produced by precisely the same technical means, to which Wagner's music owes most of its lusciousness, that is, the use of chromaticism within the range of diatonic harmony. To his contemporaries the outstanding quality of Mozart's music was its melancholy; he was compared with, among painters, Domenichino. It was only less overwhelming than Wagner's was to a later generation by reason of the smaller forces employed. He did not flood his audience with wave upon wave of tremendous sound until their senses were stunned, but his music seemed far more moving than it does to us who have the whole of nineteenth-century music interposed between us and it. Yet, now that that century has passed and we are realizing that its ideas and ideals are not the only ones or even the best to which man can aspire, we have reached a position at which the music of the eighteenth century, above all of Mozart, is infinitely more appealing than it was to the average listener of thirty years ago.

But there are, nevertheless, two fundamental differences that divide Mozart from Wagner, and they are differences rather of temperament than of technique. For Wagner had no less than Mozart a

wonderful sense of structure, and developed the symphonic form to the utmost limit of freedom without allowing it to become shapeless. The first difference lies, then, in the fact that Mozart's sensuousness is impersonal, whereas that of Wagner is always egotistic and, one might say, self-indulgent. That is the dividing line between the music of the two centuries, of which each of these composers is typical, though Mozart was tending at the end of his life towards the later attitude of mind. For we can hardly listen to the Requiem without feeling something of that same almost physical heart-ache which 'Tristan und Isolde' causes in those who are not insensitive or who do not stubbornly refuse to admit to the "weakness" of being moved in that way. The pain is sharpened when we are aware of the circumstances in which the two works were composed; and, although this knowledge is external to the music and makes it neither better nor worse as music, the very fact that it enlarges our understanding of their meaning proves that they belong to the same category of self-expressionism, whereas 'Tristan' and 'Figaro' cannot be said to have any such common denominator.

It is true, of course, that everything a composer writes, that is worth writing, comes from the inner experience of his life. 'Figaro' is the work of the man who was Wolfgang Mozart and who married Constanze Weber, and of no other, just as 'Tristan' is the work of Richard Wagner, who loved, among others, Mathilde Wesendonck. But, while we feel that 'Tristan' is a "human document," intended to win us to Wagner's side of the argument and a justification of his conduct, 'Figaro' is devoid of any ulterior motive. It is not that Mozart had no "case" to put; he had, in his different way, quite as much to base a grievance against the world as ever Wagner had. But it was not the way of his nature or of his time to use as material for his art personal feelings in what are, after all, small and unimportant matters compared with the eternities.

The second respect in which Mozart's mind differs fundamentally from that of Wagner is the complete absence from it of any self-consciousness. Wagner composed according to æsthetic theories, which he had worked out in his mind and on paper. At least, he thought he did; for there were times when the pure musician in him overmastered the theorist. Mozart never seems to have bothered his head about theories at any time. He mastered the technique of composition in all its branches, and his inspiration did the rest. He held no views about what an opera or a symphony should be or do. A symphony was for him just a piece of musical thinking to be expressed in the best possible way. That way was the form he had learnt from his elders, but it must yield to the needs of the free expression of his thought. His development of the symphonic form owed nothing to any intellectual ideas on the subject.

In opera his intuitive sense of dramatic effect guided his inspiration no less surely. Although there are passages in his letters, notably in those about 'Idomeneo,' which may be quoted in support of theories, those theories are never formulated by him in words, but existed as part of his common sense somewhere at the back of his consciousness. We cannot but feel the vast difference that this attitude of mind makes, when we hear the music of the two men—and Sir Henry Wood is giving us ample opportunities for the comparison every Monday and Tuesday at the Queen's Hall. When, however, Wagner can forget himself and lose self-consciousness, as he does, to take an example, in the quintet in 'Die Meistersinger,' his music suddenly ceases to be "Wagnerian" and becomes just music no different in any respect, save in its idiom, from the music of Mozart.

H.

BACK NUMBERS—XXXVII

MORE than enough has been written about the 'nineties in the way of solemn and elaborate criticism, but it is not unamusing to take a glance at some of the productions of the period through the eyes of a particular critical organ at a particular moment. Simultaneity of publication makes strange companions, and it is decidedly piquant to find Henry James dealt with by the SATURDAY REVIEW as one of three writers of the *Yellow Book* school. But there are also other rewards for the searcher of the files of 1895. He finds there at least two reviews reminding him of fine work now rather neglected.

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But first for the *Yellow Book* story-tellers. The inclusion of Henry James in that category was sheer impudence, but the notice of what was then his latest book, 'Terminations,' if a little ungenerous, contained some salutary truths. Contrasting him with Henry Harland, this paper remarked that, whereas Harland sometimes concealed the meaning of his stories by studious avoidance of the obvious, Henry James did at least allow the meaning to come through in a dim way. "There is such a thing as a pellucid style, a transparent window upon the author's thought. But Mr. Henry James has a ground-glass style. By close application you can just discern through it men and women as trees walking. Nevertheless, they are living men and women." There followed a comparison between reading Henry James and walking about in London in a fog, with a thrilled sense of nearness to strange or attractive persons whose features would be worth studying, but can only be vaguely made out. And there was a final remark about his pages being, in the end, as tiresome as beautiful black-letter.

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Henry James I am not now concerned to discuss. His companions in the review quoted were Harland and Miss Ella D'Arcy, who is still living, but who has never cared to do the things quite evidently within her capacity. Harland was by no means so great an offender in shrinking from the obvious as the witty and in several departments erudite Robert Ross, who at one time wrote as if in terror of using any phrase already employed in our literature. What Harland could achieve in his small way was an airy elegance, to which a large public eventually responded. But there was no unused reserve of power in his slight work. On the other hand, Miss D'Arcy, while she still wrote fiction, displayed what we in 1895 called "masculine power and masculine restraint." She had ideas, irony, a firm touch. Her aversion from fiction and the death of Hubert Crackenthorpe robbed the period of things that would have deserved inclusion among the fifty best short stories in the language. Indeed, I am not sure that Crackenthorpe's story, 'A Dead Woman,' which rivals Maupassant on Maupassant's own ground, is not worthy of that honour.

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There was at work then an exquisite master of the short story, Frederick Wedmore, to whom the SATURDAY did generous justice in 1895. How far his work is esteemed to-day I do not know; there seem to be very few references to it in the literary gossip of this generation. But his was not a reputation that should have suffered, for no one can have made exaggerated claims for a writer whose limitations were obvious from the first. Though he tried several times to deal with

rough material, he could do nothing with it. But within his narrow limits, and without any ability to convey the turbulence of life, he was perfect. 'A Chemist in the Suburbs' is a miniature, no doubt, but it is at once faultless in realism and of a rare beauty. It was not the primary impulses of expansive and perhaps somewhat animal natures that were his true subjects, but the second thoughts, the renunciations, the wistful reminiscences of gentle and choice and rather tentative persons. The world of his best short stories was not unlike the world of Ernest Dowson's 'Dilemmas,' though Wedmore had a rather less narrow range and a great deal more irony.

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Whether all his books of short stories are still in print I do not know; a selection of his best would be very welcome, and would teach many more generally applauded authors what genuine realism is, what finish means. As a fine dry sherry is a rebuke to all the coarse delights of the palate, so does a story by Wedmore, when it is on one of his congenial themes, make many eloquent, abounding writers seem blatant traffickers in gross emotion.

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But room must be found for allusion to some other writers with whom the SATURDAY dealt in 1895. It assailed Mr. Richard Le Gallienne with an excess of virulence, but the blend of sentimental prettiness and Leigh Huntsian lack of taste displayed by that writer in some of his verse naturally incensed such a paper as this. It wrote, let me say it quite frankly, with abominable unfairness of Mr. George Saintsbury. It was very discriminatingly appreciative of George Gissing. But I pass over all these and many other criticisms to cite a review of poems by Mr. Selwyn Image. "Here, then," it wrote of Mr. Image's volume, "we have at all events a very unusual personality, expressing itself with a singular completeness. Nor is the form less individual and interesting than the substance. . . . Here are no poetical flourishes, no ornaments insisting themselves beyond the limits of the design; a design, indeed, sometimes a trifle rigid, but at all events never wavering." I hope that quotation of this criticism will send some readers to Mr. Image's verse. There are other writers of the period, for one reason or another not regarded as quite typical of it, who deserve attention and are denied it. To refer to writers of verse, the small but quite authentic talents of Lowry and of Rosamund Marriott Watson should be recognized.

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But indeed the minor people of the 'nineties are nearly all worthy of a glance. Whatever their limitations, they had a sense of style which has never been common among our writers. The most of them lacked blood, and some were perverse, and in their preoccupation with subjects dear to decadents they were sometimes humourless, but they could write, they regarded writing as an art, they took pains with prose or verse, and a few hours spent with them would be good for a generation of slap-dash writers. More, some of those still living writers who began in or soon after the 'nineties might benefit by looking at their own early work, done at a period when style was expected of every writer with serious pretensions. Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett may be greater figures now than they were then, but are they not less heedful of form and finish than they were? There really is something to be learned from the 'nineties.

STET.

REVIEWS

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Journal of Katherine Mansfield, 1914-1922.
 Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Constable.
 7s. 6d.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD wrote so little in so short a life—she was thirty-four when she died—that these few extra pages, dispersed and scrappy but characteristic, are to be valued. 'Journal' is perhaps rather a large and deceptive term for them. They give no record of her life during the years they purport to cover, not even any exhaustive or continuous record of her thoughts, only glimpses here and there. They were not, like the diary of the equally gifted and equally ill-starred Barbellion, intended or at any time arranged for publication. They come from a casually kept note-book. I surmise that there were moments when, as it were, the pen stirred restlessly in her hand, eager that she should make some use of it, though she was not ready to work on a story, and that when this happened the note-book had another entry. These entries, strung on the thread of a brief and reticent but altogether satisfactory biographical note by Mr. J. Middleton Murry, add considerably to our understanding of an unusual spirit which put too little of itself on paper.

The beginning of her career as a writer was hindered by two things. Her first book was, for a first book, a considerable success, but its publisher went bankrupt at the wrong moment. Not long after this setback came the war, with all its frustrations and disappointments, and it was not until it was over that she was able to offer her work to anything but a very narrow circle of readers. After the war that narrow circle was rapidly enlarged, and in a very short time her position as a writer of short stories was widely acknowledged.

But, during the intervening years, the damage had been done. In 1914 her brother came to England to obtain a commission. During the period of training in England he became bombing officer to his battalion, and he was killed in a bomb accident behind the lines shortly after going to France in September, 1915. Several entries in the 'Journal' show that his death shook her severely and, all ties of blood and memories of childhood apart, no one who knew that attractive creature, Leslie Beauchamp, can fail to understand why it should have been so. After the blow to her spirit came the blow to her health. In 1917 she had a serious attack of pleurisy and, in convalescence

She pined for the sun; she was confident that she had only to revisit her beloved Bandol in the south of France to be well again. Accordingly she left England at the beginning of January, 1918. But travelling conditions in France in the last year of the war were such that the hardships she suffered on the journey (which she had to undertake alone) made her illness worse, and to her dismay, Bandol itself was utterly changed; it also had been wasted by the war. No sooner had she reached the place, ill and alone, than she passionately desired to return to England. Tragic ill-fortune dogged her efforts to return. The authorities delayed for weeks before granting their permission; and on the very day she arrived in Paris, weak and by this time very seriously ill, the long-range bombardment of Paris began, and all civilian traffic between England and France was suspended. The hardships of her journey in France turned her pleurisy into consumption.

She had always (with how much reason it is difficult to make out) expected an early death, but from the weakness of her heart. The new dread was perhaps no harder to bear than the old, but it was well founded. After journeys to various places in search of health for her body, she turned instead, for reasons that no doubt seemed good to her, to the health of her soul—"She entered a kind of spiritual brotherhood at Fontainebleau. The object of this brotherhood, at

least as she understood it, was to help its members to achieve spiritual regeneration." She died on January 9, 1923. In the last entry in the journal there is a passage that wakes in the heart of the reader memories of another tragedy:

Fear. Fear of what? Doesn't it come down to fear of losing J.? I believe it does. But, good Heavens! Face things. What have you of him now? What is your relationship? He talks to you—sometimes—and then goes off. He thinks of you tenderly. He dreams of a life with you *some day* when the miracle has happened. You are important to him as a dream. Not as a living reality. For you are not one. What do you share? Almost nothing. Yet there is a deep, sweet, tender flooding of feeling in my heart which is love for him and longing for him. But what is the good of it as things stand? Life together, with me ill, is simply torture with happy moments. But it's not life. . . . You do know that J. and you are only a kind of dream of what might be. And that might-be never, never can be true unless you are well. And you won't get well by "imagining" or "waiting" or trying to bring off that miracle yourself.

Therefore if the Grand Lama of Thibet promised to help you—how can you hesitate? Risk! Risk anything! Care no more for the opinions of others, for those voices. Do the hardest thing on earth for you. Act for yourself. Face the truth.

The circumstances of the tragedy were different, Katherine Mansfield faced it in a different way, but the inmost spirit is the same.

Her five volumes of short stories (one of them, good as it was, still very immature) were but a scanty distillation even from that short life. But distillation is the word: she did not go in for brewing. There are innumerable sidelights on her method in the journal. Here is one, in which she addresses herself:

You are the most stupid woman I have ever met. You will never see that it all rests with you. If you do not take the initiative, nothing will be done. The reason why you find it so hard to write is because you are learning nothing. I mean of the things that count—like the sight of this tree with its purple cones against the blue. How can I put it, that there is gum on the cones? "Gemmed?" No. "Beaded?" No. "They are like crystals." Must I? I am afraid so. . . .

Do we delude ourselves if we think that this agonized search after the particularities of style has some connexion with the tubercular diathesis? For my part, I am highly suspicious of attempted associations between disease and the special forms of literary genius. Nobody, so far as I know, has yet successfully based a diagnosis on a prose style, and it is only too easy to base a criticism on a medical certificate. But whatever the reason, that was her method, that strenuous refinement in search of the essential. It was a method with defects as well as advantages. She did on occasion excise the essential in her anxiety to leave nothing else in. But at her best she had an exquisiteness of description, description of feeling as well as of fact, that is very precious. Often a sentence or a paragraph by her is as sharp and immediate in its impact as a beautiful line of verse. Here one sees how she worked—one entry, all by itself: "Throtting, strangling by the throat, a helpless, exhausted little black silk bag." Or, less carefully done and at greater length:

A cold day—the cuckoo singing and the sea like liquid metal. Everything feels detached—uprooted—flying through the hurtling air or about to fly. There's almost a sense of having to dodge those unnatural rudderless birds. . . . To use a homely image, imagine the world an immense drying ground with everything blown off the lines. . . . It is very nervously exhausting.

And the day spent itself. . . . The idle hours blew on it, and it shed itself like seed. . . .

These are only sketches, but they have the peculiar poignancy of sketches. And again one cannot help asking oneself: Is not this so anxious notation of impressions characteristic of the writer who knows, consciously or unconsciously, that she is soon to leave the world of impressions? Such questions are merely sentimental and lead nowhere, so far as the actual literary achievement is concerned. But with such a life as Katherine Mansfield's was, cut short as it was, we miss something if we confine our attention to the mere literary achievement.

THE OPTIMIST

Egypt. By George Young. The 'Modern World' Series. Benn. 15s.

EGYPT, as we see it to-day, is a country of long, smooth horizon lines, of sleepy sunsets over the Nile and the calm, majestic ruins of a bygone age. It is apparently the most peaceful country in the world, as its people are certainly the most unwarlike. Yet there is always trouble in Egypt—sudden tumults, meaningless murders, embittered politics, an inflammatory Press. As Mr. Young remarks, it is hardly possible even to write about it without becoming entangled in its quarrels. We have only two kinds of books about modern Egypt. On the one hand are writers like Cromer and Milner, who, though cool enough and honest enough, admittedly approach the question "only from the angle of the British Occupation"; on the other hand we have the preconceived anglophobia of most foreign writers on the subject, or of Englishmen like the late W. S. Blunt, who was the most hysterically anti-British of all. At the present moment Egypt is passing through a crisis in her history. For the first time since the days of Cleopatra, the inhabitants of the Valley of the Nile are attempting to administer their own affairs. And if at so exciting a juncture the Egyptian situation can be analysed and discussed with the cool detachment proper to an historian and a student of politics, the writer certainly deserves our congratulations.

This is what Mr. Young has done. Moreover, he has added wit to his impartiality, and no small amount of wisdom to his wit. It would hardly be possible to improve upon his summary of Egyptian history in the nineteenth century, and even those who disagree with some of his judgments will be grateful for his brilliant little character sketches of the successive rulers—of Mehemet Ali, the "clever old rogue" under whom "Egypt became an Empire before she had become a nation"; of Abbas, the gloomy reactionary who "flogged and drowned his women, lived with his horses and dogs, enriched his palaces, and impoverished his peasantry like any Mameluke"; or of the jovial Said, builder of the great Canal: a "Gargantua of twenty-five stone, who incorporated all that is most comic to the West in the East, or to the East in the West," and among his subjects was "as popular as a gross joke." Nor does he find it necessary to be polite about Ismail, merely because he was the father of the present king—nor even about the king. The present British High Commissioner himself is cheerfully described as "a rather angular Anglo-Indian" who has "attempted to revive the patriarchal proconsulates of Cromer and Kitchener."

All this is good for us, no doubt: it helps us to get Egypt in its proper perspective. But as we approach modern times and Mr. Young's views on the future begin to appear, we find him infected by a blind, unreasoning optimism, which becomes positively exasperating when we try to discover upon what it is based. The grant of independence has established a "sound relationship" between England and Egypt—though, as a matter of fact, its immediate effect was a long series of political murders. The only mistake Lord Allenby made was to exact retribution for the shooting of the Sirdar. There is now "a good prospect" of a *rapprochement* (there has been at least one dangerous crisis since those words were written). Though the pre-war Nationalists were "the most virulent Press propagandists that ever regurgitated half-digested Chauvinism or vomited abuse of their betters," their successors of to-day may safely be entrusted with the government of a country which lies across our line of communication with India. All we have to do is to evacuate—withdraw our troops. We never should have occupied Egypt at all. As for the Sudan, "there would have been nothing unfair to Egypt had Great Britain at once annexed the Sudan"

in 1898; but now we are to hand a large slice of it back to its former oppressors! Why? And what prospect is there that they will be satisfied with this betrayal? It will be all right, Mr. Young suggests, so long as the negotiations on the "reserved points" are not carried on by "politicians"; but he does not say who except the Governments concerned could take such a matter in hand. As a soothing syrup for the European Powers, many of whose subjects live in Egypt, and who are therefore certain to protest energetically against the withdrawal of the British troops, he proposes the League of Nations. In fact, after very properly denouncing the half-hearted Egyptian policy of Mr. Gladstone, modern Liberalism seems to favour something perilously like it to-day.

Mr. Young writes so moderately and persuasively that his optimism is often difficult to resist; but the cold truth is that there is no visible prospect of either side's agreeing to the concessions he suggests. From the British point of view it is only the old policy of scuttle, in a new and slightly more reasonable dress. As to the Zaghlulists, it is waste of time to show that it would pay them to make concessions. To adapt the saying of one of our Ambassadors at Constantinople, when you have discovered what Egyptian politicians obviously ought to do in their own interests, you have merely indicated one of the things that they certainly will not do. And to quote the case of Turkey, as Mr. Young does, gets us no further; for the present Turkish revival rests upon the personality of one man, and is still in the experimental stage. As with the "glorious revolution" which finished Abdul Hamid—and was hailed by every English Liberal as the dawn of democratic government in Turkey—it behoves us to wait and see.

THE TEMPLE

The Development of the Theatre. By Allardyce Nicoll. With two hundred and seventy-one Illustrations. Harrap. 42s.

PROFESSOR NICOLL describes his very useful and handsome book as "a study of theatrical art from the beginnings to the present day." That is an odd description of a volume which is concerned almost entirely with the containing vessel of dramatic art and scarcely at all with the art itself. In order to give anything like adequate treatment to theatrical architecture, scenic design and dramatic costume, Professor Nicoll has had to abstract these suits and trappings from the body which they cover. The separation was inevitable unless the author was prepared to be as encyclopædic as Mantzius, and the result is a book of reference of the highest value. Yet, since the play is the thing, the result is not easily readable. On the other hand the plentiful illustrations, brilliantly chosen and finely reproduced, ease the strain of coping with an architectural inventory and scene-painter's manual on the grand scale.

It is a pity that Professor Nicoll has concentrated so largely on European drama and his survey would better justify its sub-title if he had investigated more of the ground covered by Professor Ridgeway in his 'Dramas and Dramatic Dances.' He could, with the Asiatic and African examples, have developed the treatment of the theatre as temple. The history of drama is a passage from the performance of the rite to the performance of that which is written, and dramatic art continually moves on from that which is communal and authoritarian to that which is individual and speculative. The tradition of the temple has been tremendously strong and the most interesting thing about the history of the theatre has been the actions and reactions of the original priestly convention and of the non-conforming mind. Euripides, a natural sceptic, had to write for religious festivals and present

his criticism of authority within the confines of a sacerdotal routine. It is that which makes his plays seem contradictory and even nonsensical at times, and he would surely have been a happier artist if he could have written for the lay theatre of our own time, and have escaped from the heroic theme and the compulsory ceremonial of rhetoric and lyric, mask and buskin. The same cramping of the dramatist by doctrine and ritual might have occurred in England, but the joint action of the Renaissance and the Reformation worked for liberty. The old routine of biblical subjects was broken and the dramatist escaped from church and banged the door behind him. It is significant that the first great playwright of England was commonly supposed to be an atheist.

One mentions this in order to show how difficult it is to separate the theatrical vessel from that which it contains. The liquor within continually flows over and forces the potter to adapt his bowl to the flood. Professor Nicoll's story would be more interesting if he had had time and space to work out the effect of new contents on old forms of building and production. In his last chapter he is forced to admit the intellectual issue into his architectural discussions; unfortunately, his summary of recent events is only hustled history, a terse and unsatisfactory résumé of the realist revolt against a stale romanticism and of the present counter-attack on realism. Professor Nicoll repeats the shallow criticism of realism which is familiar nowadays and never touches the fundamental values of the great flight from fustian which was led by Ibsen. A movement which entirely altered the European stage deserves more than a cursory grumble and the enormous renewal of theatrical vitality which sprang from Ibsenism cannot be dismissed in a few lines. The temple of humanism was a final reply to the old temple of conventional mummery. Beside the work of the Free Theatres, the fussy artiness of our anti-realists counts for almost nothing.

None the less we must be grateful for the author's diligence and taste. He has brilliantly summarized the history of playhouse construction and of scenic design. He has usefully shown how the medieval convention of a stage divided into "mansions" affected the lay-out of the secular theatre which was the home of the Elizabethans. He has further demonstrated the parallels between the most recent stage-architecture and the Palladian masterpieces of Italy. The most useful and attractive portion of his book is that which recounts the new classicism of the Renaissance and the grand invasion of the playhouse by the masters of baroque. Their legacy was not altogether lovely, since nothing is viler than baroque abused in the interests of a cheap and flashy decoration. But the thing at its best was nobly demonstrative and the reproductions of designs by Bibiena and Juvarra are gorgeous incitements to reverse the Periclean rule and to love beauty without economy.

THE RUSSIANS

A History of Russian Literature. By Prince D. S. Mirsky. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

PRINCE MIRSKY is to be congratulated on the completion of a great undertaking, namely, a thorough and exhaustive account of Russian literature from its beginnings to the end of the "classical age" of the Russian novel in the volume under review, and from 1881 to 1925 in 'Contemporary Russian Literature,' which was published last year. These two volumes form the only detailed study of the subject there is in English, and we may add that nothing so compact and at the same time so complete exists even in Russian.

In the opening chapter of the 'History of Russian Literature' we are given a clear and valuable account

of the early stages of Russian literature, beginning with Old Church Slavonic—liturgies, commentaries, the Chronicles, the Campaign of Igor—to the end of the Muscovite period which closes with Avvakum. The absence of any classical tradition in the early stages is responsible for the dominating influence of Orthodox Christianity, for until the seventeenth-century Church Slavonic may be said to have been the only written language: apart from "holy" writings of various kinds, literature as we understand it was non-existent. In the reign of Aleris, when Avvakum, the much-persecuted priest who came into conflict with the reforming Patriarch Nikon, wrote his remarkable 'Life,' some contact was established between the written and the spoken word, though it was Lomonosov who definitely laid the foundation of Russian secular literature.

In spite of the importance and wealth of Novgorod in the Middle Ages it had no literature to speak of, though it had fine buildings and beautiful paintings. The author insists on the fact that literature does not give the true measure of Old Russian culture, that the real expression of its artistic and creative genius is to be found in architecture and painting. The author takes us through the Age of Classicism, and the Golden Age of Poetry, the Age of Gogol, to the Age of Realism which includes Tolstoy's work before 1880 and Dostoevsky's after 1849. It is refreshing to find that there is now a tendency to regard Dostoevsky as an absorbingly interesting novelist of adventure, almost placed on a level with Alexander Dumas; as Prince Mirsky is never reckless in his statements this will bring comfort to English readers who had suspected that "the real Dostoevsky is food that is only assimilated by a profoundly diseased spiritual organism."

The arrangement of the book according to which modern writers are included in the History or in 'Contemporary Literature' is perhaps rather confusing, for it depends, not upon strict chronological order, but upon the author's opinion of the value of the work done before or after 1881. For instance, Lyeskov appears in the latter volume, though he was born in 1831, began to write in 1860, had his first short story published in 1863 and the 'Enchanted Wanderer,' recently translated into English, in 1874; he is not considered to have been in tune with the times in his younger days.

Prince Mirsky has an engaging way of using the English language, and though his oddities of expression lead to occasional obscurity, they certainly give a picturesque touch to his writing: the "sliciness" of his technique inclines to mere looseness; "for most lovers of Russian he [Turgeniev] has been replaced by spicier food"; "the time that has gone lost"; "the sentimental sympathetic attitude is most fully expressed in the 'Cold World Landowners' where the vegetable humours of the old pair . . . are idealized and sentimentalized." But these occasional slips in no way affect the value of his criticism, which is always acute and intelligent, and reveals an original and vigorous mind.

There is a good bibliography of English works on the subject, which includes the best translations of the Russian novelists and the 'Life of Avvakum,' translated by Jane Harrison and Hope Mirrlees. The index is rather thin.

FRANCIS JOSEPH

Franz Joseph as Revealed by his Letters. Edited by Dr. Otto Ernst. Translated by Agnes Blake. Methuen. 15s.

FOR sixty-eight years the Emperor Francis Joseph (to give him his English style) reigned over the scattered and diverse dominions of the Habsburg

House, and for all those years he was something of an enigma to both his subjects and his family. Even after a lifetime spent in his service, and in almost daily converse with him, a statesman of acute understanding, who was looked upon as an unusually good judge of character, found it impossible to give any estimate of Francis Joseph's personality. Was he a mere nonentity whiling away the dreary and formal existence of an Austrian emperor by an excessive attention to ceremonial and bureaucratic routine? Or was his cold exterior not rather a self-imposed mask by which he sought to conceal from human eyes the wounds that a lifetime filled to an uncommon degree with personal and national misfortunes had inflicted upon a proud and sensitive nature?

Many hoped that the riddle would be read when the Emperor's private correspondence became accessible to students; but they have been disappointed. Once again the Emperor has thrown dust in the eyes of those who sought to know what manner of man he was. The tantalizing thing about him, as one of his Finance Ministers once said, was that on rare occasions he lifted the veil just enough to make the onlooker believe that to him at last was to be vouchsafed the revelation of the mysterious Emperor's personality: that he was about to witness the real man step forth from his prison-house of frigid courtesy. Then, just as quietly as he had raised it, Francis Joseph would assume his mask again and become once more the model bureaucrat. Bureaucracy, indeed, should raise a monument to the memory of this prince of bureaucrats. No detail was too minute to escape his attention, and, for example, no member of the Habsburg House could undertake the smallest railway journey without his permission. Even his own son—the Crown Prince Rudolph—when on a visit to Buda could not stay a night in the Royal Palace there without the Emperor's express permission, nor could he enter the Imperial box in the Opera House at Vienna until he had obtained his father's consent to his doing so.

The political importance of the letters here printed by Dr. Ernst is very small. The Emperor was too cautious by nature to jot down on paper whatever real opinions he may have entertained upon the many vexed questions of his long reign, nor did he enliven the marginalia of diplomatic correspondence with outspoken comments after the manner of the ex-Kaiser. Apart from a formal "Yes" or "No," set down opposite some expression of opinion on the part of a minister or ambassador, Francis Joseph permitted himself only one—and that a very characteristic—comment. "Unreadable" ("unleserlich") appears from time to time in the Emperor's neat calligraphy on the margins of draft-despatches and memoranda. It was often a just comment.

If these letters, which have been well translated (although the extravagant use of capitals is irritating) do not serve to reveal the Emperor's personality, they at least afford the reader an interesting glimpse into the working life of one of the most conscientious workers among crowned heads.

ART BOOKS

Flemish Art; a Critical Survey. By Roger Fry. Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Italian Primitives at Yale University. By Richard Offner. Yale University Press. \$12.

Who's Who in Art. 1927. Art Trade Press. 10s. 6d.

HERE are three books as different in kind as printed matter can be, and united only by the word art; yet each has a value of its own. Mr. Fry's book is, as we should suspect, much the most valuable. Taking the recent exhibition of Flemish

art at Burlington House as his basis, he has contrived to sketch in the salient features of the history of Flemish art, and to characterize them by contrast with other schools, notably the Italian, and all in a little more than fifty pages. Such a *tour de force* of compression could only be achieved by one who, like Mr. Fry, really knows his subject and really understands the essentials of art. He is austere and rigid in keeping to his argument and avoiding the blandishments of irrelevant eulogy; in fact, he is severely critical and does not allow the occasion to warp his judgment, as too many did during that wonderful show: he never forgets Italy. This monograph is really the material of a lecture delivered at the Queen's Hall on March 24, 1927, under the auspices of the National Art Collections Fund.

Professor Offner's book is for the expert rather than the aesthete. Its main concern is attribution. It leaves off where people like Mr. Fry begin. But none the less it is a highly intelligent book, showing that Professor Offner is not reduced to considering art merely as material for scholarly speculation. The book is profusely illustrated with examples both of the best work in the Yale collection and of collateral evidence of attribution.

The 'Who's Who' need hardly be described. It is the first issue and must not be judged too severely. A casual inspection has revealed some rather surprising omissions—for example, Mr. Wilson Steer, one of our greatest painters; Mr. J. D. Milner, the Director of the National Portrait Gallery; distinguished young painters like Mr. Edward Wolfe, Miss Vanessa Bell and Mr. J. W. Power; Mr. Oliver Hall, the newest of our R.A.s; and there are errors in the information—Mr. Clive Bell's latest book deals with the nineteenth, not the eighteenth, century. The address of one well-known painter contains two errors. We hope that a publication which can be so useful will be fuller and more accurate in future issues.

THE SEINE

A Wayfarer on the Seine. By E. I. Robson. With 12 Illustrations by J. R. E. Howard, and a Map. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

THERE is always room for a book which will remind travellers that the Seine is not merely a picturesque strip of water seen from various Parisian bridges. The river that rises on the eastern slope of the plateau of Langres made Paris. A man wandering near its source, in a hot summer, might marvel to see its bed dry even as far from the source as Châtillon, but the whole point of the river is that, after a frail infancy, its flow is regular, due, as the geologists would say, to permeable strata—which is what the Loire, for instance, lacks. The bed of the Loire is non-absorbent. It is cursed with sandbanks and floods, and in its middle part the channel is inconstant. They were always talking about damming its upper valleys, and in the Middle Ages they had dykes between Angers and Orléans, to try to control the wild river. But the Loire has made no town.

Mr. Robson's book is further a reminder that the Loire is not the only river that can boast of castles and towns to visit. But for all the knowledge the author possesses and all the care he has taken to amass stories and facts of interest, his work is marred by a frequent blemish of style. He cannot avoid a certain tiresome facetiousness, a kind of slap-on-the-back vicarious cheerfulness. And once at least—notably at the delicate moment of describing the source of the Seine—he blunders into dreadfully poor rhetoric.

So much for faults of style. The value of the book lies in its easy-going display of knowledge, and in the fact which we have mentioned—that it should do something to remind travellers that Chambord and

Amboise and Chenonceaux are not everything; that the Seine has Jumièges, Les Audelys, Caudebec, St. Germain, Rouen, Troyes—to mention only a few points of interest. And anyone without much leisure might do worse than explore, say, those winding reaches below Paris, from Sèvres to Mantes, where are the deep woods and the memories of the Monarchy.

The map is adequate and Mr. Howard's illustrations are conventionally pleasant.

MAIDS OF HONOUR

Maids of Honour. By Lewis Melville. Hutchinson. 21s.

THERE have been only two occasions in our rough island story when maids-of-honour have definitely made history—namely, during the reigns of our two most susceptible monarchs, Henry VIII and Charles II. And on neither occasion were its maids of honour a credit to the English Court. But the sad thing is that when they ceased to be wicked they ceased also, to a large extent, to be beautiful. At any rate it is with a distinct sense of disappointment that, on opening Mr. Melville's book, we discover that, instead of Sir Peter Lely's gallery of beauties, we are to meet only the somewhat heavier patrons of the Dutch Walk at Hampton Court. In fact we are limited to the Court of George II—both as Prince of Wales and as King.

In this Court were many Germans, and they were violently jealous of the English women, whom George, as a rule, preferred. For instance, "The Countess of Buckenburgh said, in a visit, that the English women did not look like women of quality, but made themselves look as pitifully and sneakily as they could; that they hold their heads down and look always in a fright, whereas those that are foreigners hold up their heads and hold out their breasts, and make themselves look as great and stately as they can, and more nobly and more like quality than the others." To which Lady Deloraine replied, "We show our quality by our birth and titles, Madam, and not by sticking out our bosoms."

No doubt the English had the better of the argument; but with a few exceptions (there is a chapter on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, for instance) they were not themselves conspicuous either as beauties or wits. Mr. Melville does his best. He begins with two chapters on Caroline of Anspach, and finishes with a lively discussion on the mysterious career of the "elusive Quakeress," Hannah Lightfoot, with whom that most respectable of monarchs, George III, is supposed to have had an affair before he came to the throne. Mr. Melville dismisses the whole story as idle gossip. There has been plenty of smoke, goodness knows, but he will not agree that there was ever any fire. He even doubts whether poor Hannah was good-looking, though everyone who has ever written on the subject subscribes to the story of how in her shop in St. James's Market (where Waterloo Place is now) she caught the eye of the king as he drove towards Whitehall, and finally enslaved his heart. It is a pretty story, but anyhow, she was not a maid-of-honour, and has no business here.

ORATOR AND PATRIOT

Our Debt to Greece and Rome. Demosthenes and His Influence. By Charles D. Adams. Harrap. 5s.

PROFESSOR ADAMS has written an interesting book on Demosthenes, and while he has no room to touch on some disputed points in his writings, he is evidently well equipped to trace his influence on later ages. It was not great on the whole, since

Cicero, while praising Demosthenes, was with his fondness for Asianic exuberance far from the restraint of his master. Cicero, whom Quintilian thought the equal of any Greek, proved the most popular model for the world, as in the rich verbosity of Burke. Contemporaries assure us that the elder Pitt's speeches bore the impress of a close study of Demosthenes, but only fragments of their splendour remain, and Grattan seems to be the nearest modern approach to the Greek master. Others who show occasional similarities are not known to have been conscious imitators. The oratory of to-day is indifferent to the charms of the periodic style. Anything, for instance, less like the periods of Demosthenes than the staccato and spasmodic elements of Mr. Lloyd George's emotional oratory it would be difficult to conceive. There is a solid difference between the Greek and the English. Patriotism was for the Greek a steady passion, not a convenient cloak to be taken up and dropped, and the Athenians tolerated or enjoyed a freedom of abuse this country of to-day does not permit. They were, as St. Paul and Demosthenes agreed, ever eager for novelty. Something like the rhythms of the sentences from the 'De Corona' the author has laid out before us might be found in the Bible, but that prose has little influence on the writing and speaking of the twentieth century.

Apart from the familiar anecdote of pebbles in the mouth, references to Demosthenes or quotations from his speeches are nothing like so numerous in modern times as those taken from other famous classics. Johnson, who hated any display of emotion, foolishly declared that Demosthenes spoke to an audience of brutes and barbarians, just because his delivery was dramatic. Brougham said of a passage from the 'De Corona' placed under Nelson's bust that "a happier quotation was perhaps never made." Demosthenes the democrat arguing against a tyrant has made a special appeal to Grote and other scholars with a bias that way, and in this century Germans as well as M. Clemenceau have modernized his work as a comment on current events to their own satisfaction. Prof. Adams, with no axe to grind, discusses the justification of his policy with a saner outlook. Personally Demosthenes is not attractive, but then from youth he was nourished on a grievance and was always an austere man.

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THE ANTI-CARBON PAIR

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Denied a Country. By Herman Bang. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

The Higher the Fewer. By Arthur Vivian. The Cayme Press. 7s. 6d.

Dumphry. By Barry Pain. Ward, Lock and Co. 7s. 6d.

Tales of Hate. By Winifred Duke. Hodge. 6s.

Alias Dr. Ely. By Leo Thayer. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

'DENIED A COUNTRY' is a novel written almost entirely in dialogue. The principal character, Count Joán Ujhazy, is in a special sense the victim of conversation. Born in the "Outlaws' Island" in the Danube, of a Danish mother and a father of Magyar nationality, he has no country he can call his own; and he is surrounded by Bulgarians, Serbs, and Rumanians, all extravagantly race-conscious and race-proud. A sensitive child, he suffers terribly throughout his schooldays from the conduct of patriotic urchins, who follow him through the streets taunting him with racial anonymity. Later, his parents having died, he attends an academy in Paris, but his new companions, though cosmopolitan themselves, all have a native tongue and make poor Joán feel his isolation.

They never speak, it seems, without some reference to the peculiar qualities of their native land: a song, a phrase, an historical character, puts them in mind of home and they fall into panegyrics of their country, regardless of Joán's evident discomfort. The dialogue, indeed, has some of the features of that parlour-game in which the participants are given a word or sentence, and must introduce it, naturally, before the rest can bring in theirs. But for Herman Bang, of course, with three hundred pages before him and no distracting sense of time expiring, the game is child's play. It becomes decidedly monotonous, this talk beginning innocently with the general, working round to the particular, and finally causing Joán to blush, weep, or drop something. Presently, turning his sensibility to account, he becomes a violinist and in this capacity visits Denmark, where the last and longest conversation takes place. It is very difficult to follow, the entire company, a very large one, taking part, and putting in their quota of single words and broken sentences. The conclusion Bang has arrived at is that patriotism is not enough and that nineteenth-century Danish patriotism is particularly inadequate. These revelations of dishonesty and hypocrisy should have fallen like balm on the wounded senses of Joán, but they do not: the iron of being *sans-patrie* had entered too deeply into his soul. 'Denied a Country' is full of subtlety and sensibility but it is confused and lacks direction. The dialogue is natural but it is not inspired, like Hamsun's, and we miss comment, interpretation, and direct narrative.

Mr. Arthur Vivian, who seems to have written the bulk of 'The Higher the Fewer' in the People's Hospital, Moscow, in the space of sixteen days, sets out to show that a "Novel can be written *with* a certain amount of psychological insight but *without* the usual pathological pessimism." A laudable undertaking. "Most of our novels," he says, "are full only of the radical problems, the abnormalities, the pathological differentia, all the negative things which can beset Love and do nearly always wreck it: no intelligent portrayals can be found of the positive sides of the spectacle, of those Loves which are not wrecked." This is quite true. The great novels which "end happily" can probably be counted on the fingers

of one hand. But they do not conclude unsatisfactorily, they do not offer a melancholy interpretation of life, simply because novelists have deliberately chosen that they should, or because pessimism is fashionable, or because unhappiness is easier to describe than happiness; though no doubt all these considerations lend their weight.

The tendency to "end badly" is not a disease but a symptom—a consequence, one supposes, of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree. Anyone who cares for his friends, any writer who cares for the characters in his book, cannot tell their story without being painfully aware of the discrepancy, in their lives, between promise and performance. However virtuous, happy, distinguished they may turn out to be, it is evident to him (as it is to them) that these qualities fall far short of the virtue, happiness, and distinction that, at their birth, might safely have been prophesied for and expected of them. Cheerful or predominantly cheerful novelists like Fielding and Dickens are able to keep sadness at arm's length because they confine themselves principally to observing what goes on before their eyes; their vitality is not sickened but nourished by the diversity of life: they do not look before and after and pine for what is not. I agree with Mr. Vivian that the depressed tone and world-weary air of much modern fiction is pathological, and proceeds from a lowered vitality; but I think that, failing the millennium or some radical change in human nature, serious novels will always be at enmity with joy.

And Mr. Vivian's book, unluckily for his thesis, is much more convincing in its earlier passages, that is when Marian and Ivor are shown as estranged, than later when the births of one, two, three, four children finally cement their union. Directly they become certain of each other's affection (a certainty that is seldom experienced in life) they behave most oddly; never more oddly than when Marian proposes to her husband's mistress, Barbara Stanley, that they should set up a *ménage à trois*. And the vocabulary of conjugal felicity, consisting in (or rather including) such words as "comfily" and "smilily," shows how the happiness of a few often rests upon the unhappiness of the many. Mr. Vivian seems to think that because his characters have such grown-up thoughts (Marian is an economist and Ivor is always starting discussions upon abstract subjects) they can afford to express themselves in baby-language. We welcomed the lofty intentions of 'The Higher the Fewer' and the sonnets and sestets with which it is liberally punctuated; but its execution is a disappointment.

'Dumphry,' on the other hand, perfectly fulfils its author's aim. It takes us into an enchanted region, a fairy-suburbia, where unhappiness is not. There are, let us hasten to add, no witches and warlocks in Tessel Road; Mr. Dumphry is a most prosaic person who stands well in his own opinion and wants to stand equally well in other people's. He is an absurd creature, this petty tyrant of a moderately adoring family, always finding the royal road to something and setting out pompously upon it, and persuading others to set out, only to turn tail after a few paces, drawing the rags of his dignity closely about him. The book is a record of stately advances and flurried retreats; all his self-important efforts to be cleverer than his neighbours recoil ludicrously upon himself. Mr. Barry Pain presents him with so much humour and insight, one cannot help being fond of him; and it is a relief to read a novel from which all disagreeable or painful emotions are erased. It is not everyone who knows how to respect the many conventions which hedge the Comic Muse, but Mr. Barry Pain knows perfectly.

"Powerful" is the epithet that leaps to the mind when confronted by Miss Winifred Duke's 'Tales of Hate.' Her Scotsmen are men with grudges and grievances, nursing their wrongs, clinging to their ill-gotten property, violent in their emotions, head-

strong in their actions. Their characters are fibrous and tenacious; incurious, unadventurous, unforgiving, unforgetful. They provide good material for the novelist, because of their hardness and inflexibility. Miss Duke hews them rough, perhaps too rough; her situations are all crises, her discussions arguments, her arguments quarrels. She strains every nerve; her vocabulary throws up words as a volcano ejects boulders. Very often the effort which is so evident in her writing disguises its genuine force; we are so startled by the shout that we forget the purport of the message.

Like so many detective stories, 'Alias Dr. Ely' has more promise than performance. The laying-in is excellent. But the clues are unduly multiplied, and in the end Mr. Thayer shows a reluctance, rare and reprehensible in novels of this class, to fix a real crime upon anyone. This is a mistake. Sterilized wickedness has no allure at all.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ECONOMICS

HARMONY BETWEEN LABOR AND CAPITAL. By Oscar Newfang. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
COAL AND INDUSTRY. By Lord Vernon. Benn. 2s. 6d.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

IN ROMAN SCOTLAND. By Jessie Mothersole. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.
A WAYFARER ON THE SEINE. By E. I. Robson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

TRANSLATIONS

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. 1830-1841. By Elie Halevy. Translated from the French by E. I. Watkin. Fisher Unwin and Benn. 21s.
PREFACES AND INTRODUCTIONS. By Anatole France. Translated by J. Lewis May. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
SERENUS AND OTHER STORIES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. By Jules Lemaitre. Translated by A. W. Evans. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 2s. 6d.

FRENCH

LA RÉFORME FINANCIÈRE ET MONÉTAIRE EN BELGIQUE. Par Henri Fournier. Paris: Giard. 25 frs.

FICTION

TO AND AGAIN. By Walter R. Brooks. Knopf. 7s. 6d.
MOSSOO. By M. E. Francis. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
THE HORSEMAN OF DEATH. By Anthony Wynne. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
FAME AND SHAME. By Winifred Graham. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
DESERT FLUTE. By David Calder Wilson. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
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THE SILVER CORD. By George Agnew Chamberlain. Putnam. 7s. 6d.
PASS ON. By Florence Lawford. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.
OIL! By Upton Sinclair. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d.
FULFILLING. By George Stevenson. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
THE SHORT STORIES OF H. G. WELLS. Benn. 7s. 6d.
THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT. By L. Adams Beck (E. Barrington). Fisher Unwin and Benn. 7s. 6d.
FAINT AMORIST. By Elizabeth Sprigge. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

REPRINTS

THE IMPORTANT PICTURES OF THE LOUVRE. By Florence Heywood. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
WISE PARENTHOOD. By Marie Stopes. Putnam. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE INVERT AND HIS SOCIAL ADJUSTMENT. By Anomaly. Balliere, Tindall and Cox. 5s.
WHAT ART IS. By Oliver W. F. Lodge. Hodder and Stoughton. 2s.
THE WOODBROOKE ESSAYS: NOS. 6, 7, 8, 9. MORE ABOUT EGYPT AND ITS COLONIES; ST. PAUL AND GREEK LITERATURE; WAS ROME A TWIN-TOWN? MORE ABOUT KELTIC MIGRATIONS. By Rendel Harris. Cambridge: Heffer. 1s. each.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

AN item of general interest at the present time is the extraordinary advance in the world sales of artificial silk and the huge increase in capacity that all interests are making, in the endeavour to discount what is spoken of as the vast potentialities of this comparatively new industry. Expansion, and plans for further expansion, are substantial enough here, but in the United States they are colossal. Viscose Company, Du Pont, Glanzstoff, the Tubize Company, the Celanese Corporation are planning for still greater output, and this on the face of a severe world slump in the industry only a short year back. It is not more than two or three years since we had the management of a great artificial silk company stating with conviction that artificial silk could never be a rival to the established cotton and wool trades, but was merely an auxiliary. Making due allowance for normal increasing consumption of these three commodities, it seems to me certain that they cannot all expand healthily together. This year's heavy sales of artificial silk *must* be affecting cotton and wool; and if the vast programme for the output of the first is well advised, these old industries must still further feel the pinch of severe competition. Briefly, we are faced with a silent revolution in old-established industries that will need careful watching if investors are to succeed in retaining their interests in genuine live and progressive industries.

GENERAL MINING

One of the most enterprising of our popular mining finance companies is General Mining Corporation—an undertaking which has many sides to its activities, mining investments being, of course, a substantial part of its interests. It is well known that the board has established relations with American and with Continental interests with a view to securing participations in profitable business. For 1926 gross receipts were £408,000, against a previous £297,300, net profits comparing as to £342,832 with £240,897. The 1925 dividend was 15% (3s. a share), and that for 1926 17½%. £75,000 was transferred to general reserve, making that account up to £375,000, and the carry forward was appreciably larger at £44,393.

COLOMBIA

One of the countries which has been steadily coming to the front as a development following the opening of the Panama Canal is Colombia. The recent loan of \$25,000,000 by United States financiers is of great importance to this country of vast natural resources but long retarded economic development. The money is for railway construction, and is part of a \$65,000,000 borrowing programme authorized by the Government. In 1922 Colombia received \$25,000,000 from the United States in settlement of claims connected with the Panama Canal, and this money went, or is going, into productive operations. The country has a Central bank on American lines, while the currency is on a gold basis that is at par in the United States. The public debt since 1922 has been steadily reduced. Since the financial reorganization of 1911, Colombia has satisfactorily fulfilled her obligations. The oil possibilities of the country are believed to be enormous, and the Tropical Oilfields' 300-mile pipeline to the coast is a financial romance. The future of Colombia would seem to be definitely "set fair."

TELEGOREDJO UNITED PLANTATIONS

In the better tendency of rubber of late the above fine undertaking, which is one of the largest of British rubber companies, is worth attention. Planted acreage

shows a very large expansion since 1923, i.e., from 10,726 acres to 26,156 acres, the present total area of the company's properties being 64,323 acres. Plantings were exceptionally heavy in 1926, in the region of 5,600 acres being brought into cultivation. The rubber crop for the current year is given at 3,270,000 lbs. with about 1,356,000 harvested between January and May. Income expanded from £36,422 in 1923 to £164,712 in 1926, dividends in the period rising from 12½% to 25%—in the big year 1925, 40% was distributed. An excess profits refund helped 1926 income to the extent of £28,400. Coffee is a considerable item, production in 1925 being 14,135 cwt., but falling in 1926 to 7,745 cwt.

LONDON THEATRES

A very good turn-over the last two or three months is shown to those who bought London Theatres of Varieties, as the shares have risen from about 32s. to about the best of 42s., ex the dividend of 1s. Seventeen of the company's theatres were sold some little time back at a substantial figure, and completion of the sale is due, I understand, in September. There is, of course, many a slip, and there has necessarily been a measure of uncertainty as to whether the contracting parties, although paying a substantial deposit, would complete the deal. There seems little doubt about it, however, and the opinion is that the sale and other assets, outside the valuable Palladium interest, show assets at over 45s. a share. The Palladium is, of course, worth a lot, and is spoken of as likely to change hands somewhere between 18s. and £1 a share. Even taking a big rise over the past year or so into consideration, there would seem distinct possibilities of more to come over the next few weeks for London Theatre shareholders.

EAST GEDULD

East Geduld is a newcomer, the statement regarding the company appearing "for information only" as recently as last February. The capital is £350,000 in £1 shares, and the company acquired from the Union Corporation the mining lease of 2,641 claims adjoining the well-known Geduld Proprietary's properties. Like Gold Mining Areas, profits will have to be divided on a sliding scale with the Government. Allowance is made for further capital issues up to £1,450,000. Recent developments have been highly promising—showing a payability considerably better even than that of Geduld Proprietary. Being controlled by such a substantial and experienced a corporation as Union Corporation is a strong point in favour of East Geduld; and though it is yet early to speak of the mine as a potential Geduld Proprietary, it is one of the best examples of "young" properties on the market. The shares have recently been virtually 2½, and as developments proceed they should steadily advance in anticipation of eventual profits.

SCHWEPES DEFERRED

Schweppes deferred shares have been steadily creeping up for some time on persistent demand. The company has businesses on the Continent, in South Africa and in Australia, and may be included in a list of companies progressive in type. There are substantial arrears of interest due on the deferred shares, which, one suggests, will have to be settled by some concession in the future, for though substantial amounts continue to be written off intangible items, obviously an end must come to such a process, while the arrears question will tend to become increasingly pressing. The Deferred only received 9% for last year, which suggests an insignificant yield on the shares; but earnings were over 30%, and it is the hopes of something being done with the arrears that build up the price.

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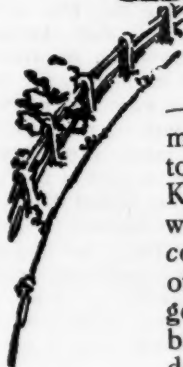
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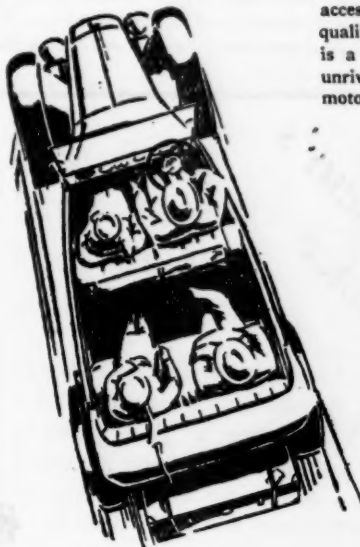
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MOTORING GEAR CHANGING DEVICES

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE present generation of motorists seem to be somewhat impatient in learning the first principles of gear-changing, so that various inventors are busily engaged endeavouring to provide a mechanism that is automatic in its action. It has been stated that novices can soon learn the process of double-declutching, which is part of the method of silent gear-changing, but it takes them many months of practice to get into the way of increasing or decreasing the speed of the engine to just the right extent, according to the speed of the car and the gear which is about to be engaged. There are drivers who never have become experts in gear-changing and never will. Is this because of laziness and want of perseverance, or is it that they have what may be termed a mechanically-deficient brain? *Quién sabe?* At any rate, this difficulty of acquiring the mechanical aptitude of properly timing the change of gear to effect a silent engagement of the pinions has led an automobile engineer, Mr. F. W. Vickery, to design means for automatically bringing the engine of a motor vehicle to the correct speed while a gear-change is being made. In fact, his idea was to produce a governor on the throttle of the engine which would speed up the crankshaft when changing down to a lower gear and slow it when changing up to a higher gear.

* *

With such a governor, the driver would have a lever near the steering column, which could be placed in any one of three or four positions, according to the

number of forward gears in the box. Before attempting to change gear, the driver would set the lever in a position corresponding with the ratio to be engaged, and would then only have to declutch and move the gear lever with a short wait in the neutral position. During this brief period, the governor driven from the rear wheels of the car would speed the engine, or allow its speed to fall, to the extent necessary for the gear-change desired. According to a report in the current issue of the *Motor*, which gives full particulars of this device, an arrangement on these lines has been fitted on a car and has worked satisfactorily at a test. I do not wish to decry such devices, but they must tend to reduce the art of driving to a minimum, and to those to whom gear-changing is no trouble, they would make driving extremely monotonous. Already the greater elasticity and power of the modern motor unit permits long distances being covered on "top" gear without any changing, and if cars are to be fitted with automatic devices, one wonders whether the charm of driving will not be lost.

* *

Another device that has also been tested in order to help the incompetent driver to change gear silently is a form of free-wheel mechanism, somewhat on the lines of that fitted on pedal bicycles. But, when free-wheeling, the engine is almost disconnected from the transmission mechanism, so it is no longer available to act as a brake. This leaves the entire decelerating of the vehicle to the brakes alone. Whether this is wise is a matter of opinion, and, at the moment, forms a subject of much controversy among practical drivers. These, being expert gear-changers, assert that it would be better if all drivers learnt to change speed without the aid of any device but their own brains.

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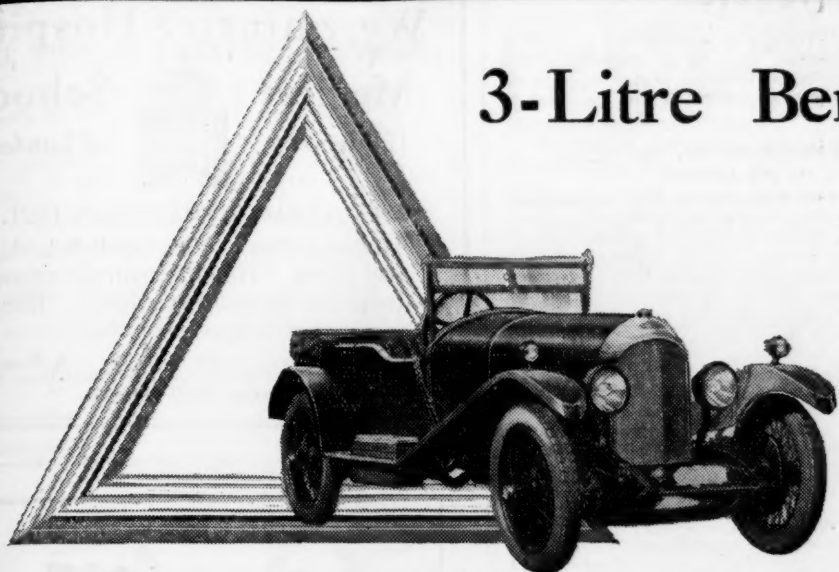
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For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem is set, presented by the publisher.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 283
(Last of the 20th Quarter)

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4. Trustworthy, surely, should his story be.
5. The wayfarer rejoices this to see.
6. A river of Galicia beheaded.
7. Just half of her to Leonatus wedded.
8. Thus feels one who succeeds in his affairs.
9. How few its pleasures, and how great its cares!
10. If nowhere else, you'll find me in your boots.
11. No sutor he, yet always making suits.

Solution of Acrostic No. 281

A	gr	Imony	¹ Soft you, now!
F	isticuff	S	The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
cO	sno	S	Be all my sins remembered.
O	ris	On ¹	Hamlet, iii, 1.
L	ibecchi	O ²	Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
S	ibilatio	N	And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas
B	orea	S	upturn;
O	p	His	With adverse blast upturns them from the
L	in	Oleum	south
T	hirs	T	Notus, and Afer black with thunderous
			clouds
			From Serralliona; thwart of these, as fierce,
			Forth rush the Lévant and the Ponent
			winds,
			Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
			Sirocco and Libeccio.

'Paradise Lost,' Book 10, 699.

ACROSTIC No. 281.—The winner is Mrs. J. Butler, 84 South Croxted Road, Dulwich, S.E.21, who has selected as her prize 'About England,' by M. V. Hughes, published by Dent, and reviewed in our columns on August 6 under the heading of 'Shorter Notices.' Fifteen other competitors chose this book, fifteen named 'A Doctor's Views on Life,' eleven 'Enemies of Society,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Baldersby, Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, C. H. Burton, Ruth Carrick, Ceyx, D. L., W. R. Dunstan, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Gay, Kirkton, Lilian, Madge, Margaret, Martha, G. W. Miller, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Quis, R. Ransom, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armada, J. Chambers, Maud Crowther, Estela, Glamis, Hanworth, Iago, Jeff, Oakapple, Trike, R. H. S. Truell, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, Yendu.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. Robt. Brown, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, J. B., Miss Kelly, John Lennie, Rand, Shorwell, Tyro. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 280.—Correct: A. de V. Blathwayt. One Light wrong: Kirkton.

HANWORTH.—You have overlooked three books reviewed under the heading, 'Shorter Notices.'

RAND.—Several competitors pointed out that Bogle, a spectre, was preferable to Banshee, a kind of fairy, confined to Ireland and parts of Scotland.

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Beardsley (A.), etc. The Savoy, in original parts. 1895-96. £8 10s.

Butler (S.). Luck or Cunning. Fine Copy. 1887. £4 4s.

Conrad (J.). Typhoon. Fine Copy. 1903. £4 4s.

Drinkwater (J.). Abraham Lincoln. With A. L. S. 1918. £10 10s.

Gissing (G.). The Emancipated. 3 vols. 1890. £3 10s.

Kipling (R.). The Jungle Books. Fine Copies. 1894-5. £24.

Kipling (R.). The City of Dreadful Night. Allahabad. 1891. £5 5s.

Stephens (J.). The Crock of Gold. Rare. 1912. £10 10s.

Thompson (F.). Sister Songs. 1895. £2 10s.

Trollope (A.). Phineas Redux. 2 vols. Original Cloth. 1874. £5 5s.

Wilde (O.). An Ideal Husband. Unopened. 1899. £2 2s.

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Against Modern Slavery

By BERTRAM PICKARD

Imperialism in China

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Edited by L. J. Maxse.

August, 1927.

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Jutland—Germany's Mistaken Policy

By Rear-Admiral HARPER

Is there anything in Birth?

By IAN D. COLVIN

The North Sea Air Bubble

By POSEIDON

Developments in East and Central Africa

By Right Hon. Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW, Bart.

June on the Fjelds

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By Mrs. L. A. GODFREE

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Thomas Munro

By Brig.-General R. G. BURTON

Birds in Zululand

By Mrs. CONYERS ALSTON

The Queen of the Might-Have-Been

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